California Ladies' Magazine

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JANUARY, 1904

# CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

BELLE W. CONRAD,
Past Grand President, N. D. G. W.

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## CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

Published Monthly by the

CALIFORNIA LADIES' PUBLISHING COMPANY

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The CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE leaves it to the decision of the ladies as to which institution on the Pacific Coast the beautiful Kimball Piano shall be presented at the end of the year. This contest is open to everybody and we invite the inspection of our books, where the names and addresses of the voters can be found.

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### OPENING OF THE CONTEST

| ORGANIZATION | VOTES |
|---|---|
| Keith Parlor, N. D. G. W. | 7 |
| Notre Dame College, San Jose, Cal. | 7 |
| California Woman's Club, S. F., Cal. | 6 |
| Golden Gate Chapter, Eastern Star | 5 |
| Tuesday Women's Club, Sacramento | 5 |
| Friday Morning Women's Club, Los Angeles | 3 |

Any lady who will send a year's subscription (new or renewal) is entitled to one vote, and she may select the Seminary, Fraternal Society or Institution managed by women which she desires to win the piano.

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Among the thousands of amusements which we are publishing every year to entertain our readers, **This is the one in which there** is a contest. In the first place it gives every lady the opportunity not only to read the beautiful stories, romances and departments which are of necessity to every woman, which we publish monthly, but also to help to victory some institution dear to her. And in the second place, we hope that many ladies wil prefer to subscribe for our magazine, so as to have the opportunity to vote for her choice.

KIMBALL PIANO NO. 18.

In this number we are glad to present a few names of some of the most popular ladies' institutions on the Coast, which, through their friends, were put in line toward victory.

**We are very glad to see that** the present contestants are all prominent institutions and fraternal societies. All stand for the advancement of the women of the Pacific Coast.

Announcements of the number of votes received for the different institutions will be published every month.

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SUN MILLING CO., OAKLAND, CAL.

# California Ladies Magazine

Vol. V JANUARY, 1904 No 1

"Ring Out the Old! Ring In the New!"

# Peculiar Customs of Various People—By J. M. Scanland

## No.I—HAWAII

There is little ceremony in Hawaiian marriages, and the tie is loose and often transient. In some districts the aboriginal custom of taking wives by force still exists. The man in search of a wife, accompanied by his brothers, or friends, surround the grass-hut where the young woman lives, and carry her off by force. Often very little force is necessary, and the woman is a party to the affair. He carries her to his hut, and a feast follows. That is the end of the ceremony. Neighborhood and tribal wars follow, and this is one of the causes of the decrease in the population of the natives. The other principal cause is their contact with civilization. The capture of wives is mostly made from neighboring tribes.

Marital engagements are usually made by the parents of the young couple, and especially on the part of the woman. Friends are also asked to give their advice. There is no wedding ceremony, except that the groom throws a piece of kapa (cloth) about the bride, indicating that she is now in his possession. A feast follows, in which there is much drinking, also dancing and games.

There is little ceremony in proposing. The young man, in cases where the matter is left to individuals, is not timid, and comes to the point at once.

Women propose as frequently as the men do, and, if refused, their brothers seek out the fellow and a fight follows.

When the marriage has been decided upon, a feast is announced, to which every one may come. The grass hut of the parents of the bride is filled with guests, and others stand around waiting for the "second table." The food is placed on a cloth, which is laid upon the floor, reaching the entire length of the room. These dishes consist mostly of pork and dog. They draw the line at poodles. In former years they roasted Europeans, but their bodies were so saturated with whiskey and tobacco that the diet made them sick, and thus they made an advance in civilization by improving their taste. Other dishes are fish stuffed with smaller fish, and poi. A calabash of this meaty substance is placed in front of each guest. There is also an abundance of rum and whiskey within easy reach, imported from civilization. The guests sit on grass mats, resting their elbows on pillows. It is etiquette to sit cross-legged. Neither knives nor forks are used, but each dips his fingers into any dish that appeals to his unappeased appetite, if he can reach it. It is considered a mark of favoritism for any one to fish out a morsel with his fingers and place it in the mouth of another. The most favored guests are crowned with sweet-smelling jessamine, and as a special mark of distinction some young lady relative of the bride kisses them—merely as a mark of civility. No one kisses the bride at the ceremony, or at the feast, and this is the nearest approach to it.

The women are dressed in a simple garment reaching from the head to the ground, with wreaths of red and yellow flowers around their necks, and they are barefooted. The bride wears an extra garment, more wreaths, and sometimes slippers are worn. But, she has no train nor bridesmaids. The men are "attired" as the society reporter would write it, in pantaloons and shirt. The costume of the groom is a little finer than ordinary, and he wears shoes, perhaps for the first time in his life.

The duration of the marriage depends upon the will of the husband. He may send his wife back to her mother when he becomes tired of her, or his eyes are opened by jealousy. As a rule conjugal love is weak, most of them having married without due consideration, and where love did not exist. Divorce is frequent, and infanticide is a common occurrence, the parents having no love for their children, it seems. Children are also given away to those who will take care of them.

There is not much domestic happiness in families, and parental tenderness and affection are sadly lacking.

Men are very jealous, and watch their wives closely, especially since Europeans came with their so-called civilization. When a wife's guilt is discovered, the injured husband does not seek the divorce court, he kills the man, perhaps, and he whips the woman whose duty it was to resist the first advances of the tempter. If this is not effective, he slices off a portion of the flat nose, or otherwise disfigures her face so that she can no longer make conquests. If she is unusually talkative, or refuses to obey him, he divorces her.

HAWAIIAN HORSEBACK RIDER.

Wives are not bought, nor do the parents of the bride give her a dowry. In some instances, the young man paves the way by making presents to the father of the girl. The father is the head of the family, and his wife has little to say in the matter. Relatives and friends of the bride give her small presents, but these half-civilized people do not observe this custom of polite begging with that shameless publicity practiced in more civilized countries.

The marriage is not considered complete until the groom has taken the bride to his own bouse.

Kissing, or rubbing noses, is customary among the Islanders, especially at weddings and other festivals. When friends meet, they express their pleasure in this substitute for kissing. They embrace and touch noses, once or several times, according to their affinity for each other, or adeptness in affection. The nose of the native is thick and flat like that of a negro, and this collision, and energetic rubbing, is, therefore not painful. No loud smacking report follows this exercise, and it seems to them more sensible than the labial manner of osculation.

Wedlock is a civil contract. It is held by early writers that society in the islands was evolved by sucessive stages from polygamy to monogamy, and that this development was brought about, naturally, by individual preference, or affection, and the man's power to hold his wife against a rival. Thus, polygamy was practically abandoned, except by government officials and others who can protect their wives against other men. In our "civilized" America a similar condition of woman's degradation exists in Utah. The poverty of the islanders, and the inequality in the number of women, owing to the more general destruction of female children, contributed largely to the abolition of polygamy.

The relations of the sexes are very informal, but they are not so promiscuous in love matters as they were half a century ago. The Hawaiians have been misrepresented by overzealous missionaries and travelers, and especially by newspaper corespondents and fledgling writers of books. Promiscuity in matrimony as described by some of these scribblers, does not exist in the Hawaiian islands, and never did. It does not exist anywhere, except in the yellow books, and in some isolated free-love communities founded in the United States, and other countries, boasting a superior civilization to that of the Hawaiians. There is, however, a great deal of love, or what passes for it, outside the limits of matrimony, as elsewhere, and it is more public there, which leads strangers to believe that this promiscuousness includes the marriage relations.

Woman occupies an inferior position. She is not permitted to eat with men, nor of certain viands reserved for the male sex. At birth, the girl is received as an unwelcome guest, and is liable to be buried alive. As a wife, she is subject to her husband's orders, and may be cast off at any time. Her tasks are menial, and she is excluded from the interior of the Temples. The men prepare and cook the food—the favorite dish being poi.

Within the past few years the natives have made a slight advance, morally. The better class believe more in the sanctity of marriage, and there are not so many divorces. They are learning that the family tie is the foundation of society; that upon its proper observance domestic happiness is based, and that by this means only the rights of women and children,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT HONOLULU.

and the welfare of all, are secured. While their social condition was crude, when Europeans first visited the Islands, the natives have advanced very slowly.

The standard of female beauty is what society calls "stoutness." Hence, the unmarried women eat a great deal of the national dish, poi, which is very fattening. Tattoing is considered an aid to beauty, and in some districts a woman regards it as immodest to appear in public without her face being tattoed, as if she had omitted a portion of her scant wardrobe.

The woman "age" early. When at twenty years she is at her best, and begins to fade. At 25 she looks as if she were 40 years of age. This is mainly owing to climatic influence, early marriage, and their primitive manner of living.

The islanders endeavor to perpetuate the customs of their earliest ancestors, notwithstanding the advances of what is called civilization. The baleful influences of the foreigner have not been very beneficial to them for, as a rule, the foreigners themselves are not models of morality.

The traveler only sees the worst side of Hawaiian life, and places all the natives upon the same low level. They are not as far down in the social scale as represented, and most of their present vices came to them from other lands.

The early Spanish discoverers introduced their vices among the natives, and then came Captain John Cook in the latter part of the 18th century, whose men scattered diseases and rum, which largely reduced the population of the islands. At the present day, the low class of foreigners who infest the islands keep groggeries, dance-houses, and sailors' boarding-houses, and are a great detriment to the morals of the natives. There are other adventurers who defy the laws of the country, corrupt the women, and rob the ignorant natives of the results of their labor.

The Hawaiian calls all his relatives of the same generation with himself "brothers" and "sisters." Those of the former generation he designates by the term of "fathers" and "mothers," etc., Those of the first succeeding generation he calls "sons" and "daughters," and those of the following are designated as "grandsons" and "grand-daughters." This custom no doubt misleads superficial writers into the belief that the natives intermarry with their brothers and sisters, or other near blood relations. This relationship is used in a loose sense, just as Chinese call every one "cousin" who is a member of the same clan, though he may not be related by blood.

Their mourning customs are painful, noisy, expensive, and frequently attended with immoralities. One of the ceremonials over the dead is that of wailing, either by relatives or hired mourners. Standing by the side of the corpse the mourner turns his face upward, extends his hands, closes his eyes, but keeps his mouth open, as if uttering a prayer. Others bend forward, their faces almost touching the ground, their hands pressed against their knees, or sides, as if in agony; and others seize the hair of their heads as if to tear it out. All make hideous grimaces and distortions of the body. The more aggrieved knock out a tooth, mutilate the ears, or cut his flesh, in order to emphasize his sorrow for the departed, and to propitiate the gods.

Their deities are malignant and revengeful; their idols are hideous and designed to inspire terror, and their ceremonials are curious and physically exhausting. Formerly, human sacrifices were offered, the victims being criminals or prisoners taken in war. They believe that sickness is caused by the presence of a demon, and that their devils and gods have great power over the people, and influence their daily actions. The numerous sorcerers, voodoos, and medicine men teach idolatry, and make as much trouble as possible for the foreign missionaries.

It is difficult to persuade a people to abandon the traditions and customs of their ancestors, which have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. The work is made more difficult by the actions of the lower class of Europeans and Americans who bring to the islands the worst vices of civilization, and none of its virtues.

TYPICAL HAWAIIAN MAIDENS.

# AN OLD LANDMARK IN EDEN VALE

BY. J. M. SCANLAND.

On the site of the old Estudillo casa, in San Leandro, is one of the oldest "landmarks" of Northern California. It is a grape-vine of luxurious growth and around which clusters much of the romance and tradition of early Californian days. This historic vine attracts the attention of visitors to this pretty village so happily located in Eden Vale. It is the outgrowth of the little vineyard planted by Don Joaquin Jose Estudillo about two generations ago. The old adobe casa which he built has long since crumbled to dust and only the traces of its foundation remain. But, the grape-vine still flourishes. Near the site of this casa a modern frame house was built, and for many years served as an eating station on the stage-line between Oakland and San Jose. One of the drivers was a character known as "Charles Parkhurst," who proved to be a woman in the disguise of a man. The secret was discovered at her death. Nothing was learned of her past, or the cause of her leading this strange career.

The Estudillo rancho was settled in 1836. The Don had served in the army for twenty-seven years at the presidios at Monterey and on San Francisco Bay, and having a wife and ten children thought it was about time to settle down and make a better provision for them. He selected this beautiful spot, built his casa in a picturesque vale, and petitioned the Governor for a grant for one square league of land. An Indian village was situated upon the land, but in issuing the grant, the Governor excluded the village, and the Don respected the rights of the red men. It was the custom in those days to dispossess the Indians, and the same injustice was practiced by the Americans later, and is continued to the present day. This pretty vale was named Eden from its picturesqueness, and similarity to the description of the Garden of Eden. The Don's casa was noted for its hospitality, and all wayfarers remained as long as they wished, without charge. The country was sparsely settled, and his neighbors were very few. This old adobe was the scene of many fandangos, attended by the Castros, Alvarados, Lorenzitos, Amadors, Peraltas, de Haros, Martinez, Valencias, and Higueras,—the earliest settlers in that beautiful section.

As in the Garden of Eden, discord soon entered this once peaceful arcadia. The land was fruitful, capable of high cultivation, and the climate balmy and health-giving. American adventurers coveted these lands, and in defiance of law and the rights of the Don, located large tracts, and boasted that their titles lay in their shot-guns.

Don Joaquin Estudillo, son of Jose Maria Estudillo, was born at Monterey in 1798, and entered the military service at the age of 18 years as a cadet. In 1824 he was married to Juana Martinez. Their children were: Conception, Ramon, Dolores, Gertrudis, Antonio, Maria de Jesus, Magdalena, Vicente, Jose Luis, Maria Guadalupe. He died in 1852. His eldest daughter, Conception, married Joshua B. Ward; Maria de Jesus married William H. Davis; Dolores married Charles H. Cushing; and Magdalena married John Nugent. Antonio remained on the San Leandro rancho, where he still resides. Luis remained on the Rancho Encinal, afterwards known as Oakland. Ramon and Vicente removed to San Luis Obispo, and Jesus Maria removed to San Francisco.

SITE OF THE OLD STAGE STATION WHERE GRAPES NOW GROW.

The memorable earthquake of 1868 gave the Estudillo casa a severe shock. Several of the neighboring buildings were thrown down, which some of the Mexicans attributed as a punishment of the Americans who had despoiled the Don of his vast domains.

The Estudillo rancho adjoins the San Antonio rancho, which was located by Don Luis Peralta in 1820—the first to obtain a Spanish grant in Northern California. This grant comprised five square leagues, and includes the present city of Oakland, and the towns of Alameda and Berkeley. Discord entered this pretty section, also, and the American adventurers looked upon his lands as they did those of Don Estudillo, and located upon them by force. The Peralta casa stood near the foothills of San Leandro and was one of the most picturesque spots for a residence in this beautiful section. When his four sons married, Don Peralta divided his domains equally among them. To Jose Domingo, he gave the most northerly quarter which extended from the Bay to the foothills, and included the lands upon which is situated the present Berkeley and the State University; to Vicente, he gave the Encinal del Temescal, now known as Oakland; to Antonio Maria, he gave the land upon which Alameda has grown, and to Ygnacio, the remaining quarter. There was an Indian village at the Encinal del Temescal. It was so named from the temescal, or adobe oven, in which the Indians took their steam baths.

Such were the earliest settlers of this Eden. It was the golden age of California. Never before nor since did the Californians enjoy greater prosperity and more peaceful days. Situated in a pretty and lovely country, with a delightful and balmy climate, they lived in comparative leisure and amid plenty. No one was very rich, and there was no extreme of poverty. They were neighborly, and those in need were assisted. Crime was scarcely known, and there were no jails. The country was famed for its hospitality to strangers. There was dancing in every house, and they were frequent, though the country was spacely settled. The old Estudillo casa, where the grapes still grow as in the romantic days of the past, was the scene of many festivities in those "Golden Days of Romance, before the days of gold."

The beauty of this charming spot, its rich, productive soil, and salubrious climate, attracted the attention of home-seekers, as well as "squatters," and there soon grew a thickly settled neighborhood and prosperous village. In the early 'fifties, Don Estudillo erected a fine structure and gave it to the county with the proviso that the county seat be located there. The people voted almost unanimously in favor of San Leandro, but the dissatisfied element took the matter into the courts and the election was declared illegal. In a few years, the question was again carried almost unanimously for this pretty location, and it continued to be the county seat of Alameda for about fifteen years when it was removed to Oakland.

Don Luis Peralta came to California from Sonora in 1776, and for a number of years served as a soldier at the Presidio, on the Bay of San Francisco. In 1790 he married Maria Loreto Alviso, and built the first house in Alameda county. His children were: Ygnacio, Josefa, Guadalupe, Teodora, Trinidad, Antonia Maria, Vicente and Domingo. In 1842 he divided his immense ranch among his four sons, as above stated. The exclusion of his daughters from this partition, led to many lawsuits, and a great portion of the estate was wasted in lawyer's fees. The Don died in 1851, at the remarkable age of ninety-seven years.

Antonio remained on the rancho San Antonio and married Maria Antonia Garcia. Their children were, Antonio, Maria, Guadalupe, Fernando, Rita, Crisanto and Ines.

Domingo removed to San Jose, and later obtained the grant known as the Corte Madera. He married Conception Garcia, and later resided at the Temescal on the rancho San Antonio. Their children were Maria Antonia, Francisco, Ramon and Loreto.

Ygnacio married Rafael Sanchez. Their children were: Francisco, Miguel, Joaquin, Luis Maria, Jose de Jesus, Juan, Gabriel, Rafael, Lodrovina and Maria Antonia.

# THE BEST STORYETTES—By Various Writers

### WEAKENED HIS OWN OPINION.

Henry Labouchere says that the speeches of Lord Roseberry remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman: "At first he would have an opinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an india rubber ball, which hops, and hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until it at last comes to a full stop."

### TAUGHT THEM A LESSON.

A California farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road near Salinas recently when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cattle would become frightened and stampede, so he held up his hand and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd in shape. The men only laughed at him, and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He applied the spurs to his horse, took down his riata from the saddle, and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads, when the courage of the occupants of the car waned, and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers waited patiently while the cattleman drove his herd to one side of the road and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.

### THE STRANGER WAS AN ORGANIST.

A stranger entered a cathedral in Sicily and begged to be allowed to try the organ, which was new and a very fine instrument that even the organist did not understand. With some reluctance the organist allowed the stranger to play and soon the cathedral was filled with sounds that its walls had never heard before. As the stranger played, pulling out stops never before combined and working slowly up to the full organ, the cathedral filled and it was not until a large congregation had wondered at his gift that the stranger told his name. He was Dom Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest-composer.

### THE HAUGHTY COLONEL.

While in Canada Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors General and their wives. It is related that a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonel or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests, I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

### THE HERMIT AND OLIVE TREE.

Listen to the story of a good hermit and a little olive tree. Once a hermit lived in a desert in Egypt; and, thinking that an olive tree would be just what he wished to have growing by the door of his cell, he procured a young sapling and set it out. For many days he watched it, and fancying that it did not thrive as it should, he prayed for rain, and the rain came and fell on his little tree. Then he grew afraid lest it should become too moist, having heard that olives should not have too much watering. So he prayed for warm sunshine to come and start the buds. But the tree looked worse than ever, although the sun beat down and dried up the earth around the roots.

"I know what it needs," said the hermit. "It wants bracing. A hard frost would be just the thing. Trees are like people, too much luxury is not good for them." So he prayed for a frost, and the frost came and the naked boughs of the olive showed that bracing had not been what was needed at all. "It is too cold," mused the hermit. "I am afraid that rough usage does not suit trees. I will pray for wind to blow and warm the air." He then began to pray for a beautiful breeze from the south, and when it came the little olive tree died.

### A HARD LESSON.

When the Athenians were defeated in Sicily, a barber was the first man in Athens to learn of it. He had been told of it by a slave who had run away after the battle. Delighted at being the first to hear the news, the barber spread it abroad; but alas! he was not believed. "Who told you?" the people asked; and he could only answer that he did not know. "It is a false report!" they cried. "To the rack with the liar!"

So the poor barber was placed upon the rack and commanded to confess his deception. Fortunately for him, however, other refugees arrived and confirmed the news the slave had brought. "So the barber told the truth, after all," said the Athenians, going home and quite forgetting to release him. At night the executioner happened to pass by, and set him free; but he could not forbear asking him a question. "How did the general perish?" he inquired. "O dear me!" said the poor barber, 'I don't know, and never intend to know anything more as long as I live."

"There are some things," goes on the quaint old chronicle, "which can teach even the most talkative to be silent."

### NOT ACCUSTOMED TO CARS.

The Pullman Company has made a demand on F. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian Endeavorer of Denver, for $200 damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horseshoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman Company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

# Romance of the Castle of the Earl of Mangus

BY MARIE LOUISE KEARN

Many years have passed, but still the old gray castle stood, which had once been a home of pride and wealth. Now, all those who had helped to add the splendor to the castle, were dead. Buried In the beautiful churchyard in a grand old vault built by the first earl of Mangus. A hundred Earls had lived since him.

A great park surrounded the castle which stood on a hill overlooking the small village with its pretty white cottages standing in the midst of fresh green gardens.

For years the castle had stood untenanted, the last of the Earls having died young, leaving the castle with all its grandeur and title to a distant relative under two conditions: first that he bear the name Mangus, and second, he must wed the Marchioness of Lothborn, who was near of kin to the great Earls and the marriage would save the name of Mangus for her mother had been sister to the last Earl.

Raiph Lansey was now coming to claim the estate as his own and Kathleen of Lothborn also. That was why the pretty little village was in such a commotion, for they were anxious to know what kind of a man their new master was.

He came. A handsome man of thirty with light-brown hair and dark brown eyes; a clean cut face; tall and stately. Holding his head aloft with an air of pride but a glance in his eyes showed his kindly nature.

Kathleen was very fair, a real Irish beauty with raven black hair and deep violet blue eyes, a noble sylph like form, and added to her many virtues a happy, contented disposition.

The Lady O'Malstay, who had adopted Kathleen when her parents died, accompanied her to her future home.

Ralph Lansey welcomed them both and at once loved his future wife. Time passed and it was not long before the marriage would be performed. It was to be a magnificent affair. All the ladies and gentlemen of nobility were Invited from miles around.

Kathleen for exercise often rode through the village on her white palfrey, wearing her velvet gown with her plume waving majestically after her. Thus showing off her great beauty and awakening in the heart of Lita O'Maron, the village belle, a keen jealous hatred toward her.

Lita was very pretty, but she was capable of anything mean, and when the fair Kathleen came and the village sang her praise, Lita waited till she could in some way hurt the giri who was so gentle. The chance came. Alas, for herself, she took it.

The castle was all ablaze from the lights which gleamed in every window from turret to the ground. The great oaken door was thrown wide open to admit the mass of nobility who came from far and near to witness the marriage of Ralph Lansey, Earl of Mangus and Kathleen, Marchioness of Lothborn.

The crowd had come early. The dancing commenced without the bride. But questions were easily answered for it was supposed she was arranging her bridal attire.

An hour passed and still Kathleen did not appear. Ralph became uneasy, went to his bride's boudoir door, but receiving no answer to his repeated knock went in, only to find emptiness. Her white satin wedding dress iay before him. Ralph left the room with a faint presentiment of evil at his heart. But on returning to the ball room excused his bride's absence, thinking to himself she might be in another part of the castle. He said nothing about the uneasiness he feit, and the ball went on just as merrily.

Kathleen late in the afternoon of her bridal day took a strange fancy that she would like to visit the turrets, for strange stories were told of the ghosts of the former Earls having been seen peering from the windows. Kathleen went up and busied herself looking thro' the old pictures and dresses that had been used in bygone years. Tiring of her occupation she stood at the window looking over hills and valleys. People passing in the street, seeing the white draped figure and not knowing who it was, were confirmed In their superstitions.

One woman looked up and knew who it was, and a flame of red shot across her face as a thought struck her. This was Lita O'Maron.

It was growing dusk, but still Kathleen stood at the window. A servant had just come In and lit the tapers but left without perceiving her mistress. At last a soft cat-like tread which frightened Kathleen, sounded in the hall. Then the door opened and she stood face to face with her unknown enemy. Lita O'Maron.

"You do not know me, but soon will," said Lita by way of introduction, looking with hatred into the other's beautiful frightened face.

"I have never seen you before," said Kathleen In her gentle voice. "Maybe I can do something for you."

"Yes, you can," Lita replied in a tone which made Kathleen shrink. "Yes," she continued, "This man you are going to marry to-nlght, give him up, is what I ask. I love him and—and— he will learn to love me."

Then Kathleen proudly drew herself up to her full height. She was changed from the mild and quiet Kathleen, for her pride had been touched by this insolent creature. So the quiet Kathleen uttered words in her anger she long repented of.

"You!" she said with contempt, that stung Lita to the quick. "You dare to come and ask me such a thing. You are insane to think you could ever win the love of the Earl who is as good as my husband. Go! you are a nobody and he an Earl!"

"You shall pay for those words though you be a Marchioness and I a poor girl. Will you do as I ask you?" as she spoke she came closer to Kathleen.

"Leave the castle at once or I will call help to do so," replied Kathleen in a tone which betrayed the pained surprise she felt.

"Then you will suffer," said Lita, and in her mad fury she rushed at Kathleen, who could not escape her. She clasped her fingers around Kathleen's white throat till the blue veins swelled and she fell limp and helpless at the feet of her enemy.

Lita accomplishing her terrible work hurriedly locked the door and went out. She went to Kathleen's boudoir and put on the beautiful wedding dress then drew the veil closely about her face. She entered the ball room. Everything was new to her. She felt how awkward she was. But a feeling of triumph possessed her and she determined to conquer.

Ralph hastened to her, whispering some words of endearment and Lita's heart beat with happiness, forgetting her crime and that the words were not really meant for her.

He led her up to the place where the ceremony was to be performed and the minister read the lines. A stir near the door made the crowd separate to admit a half fainting woman, whose black hair streamed down her back and her pale face contrasting strangely with her dark eyes, made people think it was an apparition.

This scene was too far from the minister for him to hear or see anythng of the woman so he went on. "Is there any one present who has anything to say against this marriage speak now or forever be silent." A wild shriek rang through the room and a woman's voice cried "I have. I have. Take my veil from her face. I am Kathleen. She is an imposter."

The people all started. Even Lita trembled. But Ralph, looking at the true Kathleen, knew her. He tore the veil from the face of Lita. Then pushed her from him and went to Kathleen who had fainted in the arms of Lady O'Malstay.

Kathleen recovered. But Ralph was so anxious to have the marriage over that he told her he would wait for explanations after the services. They were married, but Kathleen wore her simple white dress with only one ornament—a string of pearls given her by Ralph for a wedding gift.

In the amazement of the unlooked for events no one had noticed the escape of Lita, who seeing her game was up fled when no one saw her.

The first faint rays of dawn were visible lighting up the sky in beautiful tints of pink and gold before the last guest left the castle, Raipn and Kathleen had departed on a short wedding trip to America.

Lita, after leaving the ball room, hurried to her own home. She took a few things that belonged to her. Put on a plain dress instead of the wedding dress and taking the little money she had left for England.

Years passed, and in the castle lived the Earl of Magnus and his happy wife surrounded by their three beautiful little boys.

At last the little boys were taken to their beds, leaving Lord Magnus and his wife to have their evening talk.

"What do you think of it all, dear?" he asked.

"It is very sad, but I freely forgive her," answered his wife.

When we started for London we never expected to have such an adventure," continued the Earl.

The fact was that Lord and Lady Mangus with their three children had started on a pleasure trip to London. While there an acquaintance told them of a woman she was going to see, for the poor creature was dying. She said the woman lived in a dirty tenement house starving almost to death. Then Lady Mangus in her kindness, offered to go that very day. She soon found where the woman lived and went there.

On a miserable bed in a room, black and dirty lay a woman. A table stood near the bed and a lamp smoked and flickered on It. The woman was gasping for water and so weak from want of food that her voice could not reach above a whisper.

As the light flared up the woman gazed at Lady Mangus. Then she said "I must have seen you before?" Lady Mangus came nearer, yes, she still remembered the features but so changed.

"Take these things I have brought you," and the starving woman forgot everything else but the food for she grasped it in her thin hands and ravenously ate it. Soon she turned to Lady Mangus and begged her forgiveness for the terrible wrong she had done her years before. She told how she had longed for the chance to see her before she died and prayed her to listen to the story she wished to tell.

"Will you tell me first how you got out of the room I so wrongfully locked you in?"

Lady Mangus told her how soon after she had left a man came and resuscitated her and told her what was going on in the ballroom and then how he let her out.

"I know this all," said Lita. "But it is of that man I am going to speak. Then Lita told how this man had come to her home when she had fled from the ballroom and was preparing to start for London. He told her that he knew all and that he was going to accompany her to London.

This man, Lita said, had been her friend and school master, and when he left the village he had promised to come back and ask her to be his wife. But she had laughed at him and not thinking he would come back had forgotten him.

But to go on with the story. They were married in the next town and hurried on. In London they lived some time together. They had never been happy. He soon spent all the little money they had and when her baby was born he abandoned her without anything.

Then Lita told of the terrible struggle to keep body and soul together. But soon the poor baby was laid in a pauper's grave, while the mother was stricken with a slow fever that was wasting her away.

The next day she was removed to a comfortable lodging but that night her weary spirit ceased to struggle. But before she died she told Lady Mangus of a bundle between the mattress which she said belonged to Kathleen. Lita gave it to Kathleen with trembling hands begging for forgiveness all the time.

It was time for the Earl to return to his estate in Ireland. They prepared to go. When they arrived home Kathleen remembered the package given her by Lita.

She opened it and her beautiful satin wedding dress fell out, with a note, which she picked up and read. It was headed: "Lita's repentance—Through I am starving, though I saw my baby die, I did not touch your dress. It would have made me rich. I would be alive to-day and my baby also. But better as it is, the dress was not mine, but yours. Forgive and forget me, if you ever can. Tell my mother, if she still lives, to pray for her child. I guess indeed, wicked, but madness seized me, and the thought of being an Earl's wife with everything, brought me to what I am. Tell her. though, everyone despised me, I had one consolation to think that a mother's love lasts forever.

Lita O'Maron."

THE CASTLE.

# Love Story of the Early Days of Monterey

BY JESSIE JUILET KNOX

"Out of the hoary vista, through a
mist of silent tears,
An ancient city rises, gray with the
weight of years;
And by the crescent winding of her
calmly sheltered bay
She guards her fond traditions—grand
old Monterey."

It is a delight to all the senses to wander through the quaint old village of Monterey, with its adobe ruins everywhere, and to revel in the placid life of those who live there. The charm of the yester years seems to unfold us as we pass on, and we are filled with the dreams and the poetry of another day, as we listen to the legends of the old historic town. The one which seemed most to attract us was the legend of General Sherman's sweetheart.

Shortly after the war with Mexico General William T. Sherman was for a while stationed at Monterey, which was then the capital of Upper California. He was quartermaster and commissary, and at first lived in the custom house, whose picturesque ruins still remain, and which we learn, with pleasure, is to be repaired and perpetuated. There were about a thousand inhabitants there then, but life was very primitive.

No vehicles were to be had, save the old Mexican carts with two wooden wheels, drawn by two or three pair of oxen, yoked by the horns. Sherman's company camped on the hill at the block house, and used the custom house for storage. In Sherman's Memoirs, written by himself, he says: "Riding, dancing, shows of any kind the people liked. The girls were very fond of dancing, and were graceful. Every Sunday they had a dance, and sometimes during the week. . . . Learned a smattering of the Spanish language." Yes—the old legend says that he learned enough of the Spanish language to say "Te amo dulce-corazon" (I love you, sweetheart) to the beautiful and patrician belle of Monterey—the Senorita Maria Ygnacia Bonifacio.

Nor did he strive to conceal this fact, but poured into the willing ears of his charmer his ardent cuentoc de amor (tale of love).

She knew of no reason why she should not bestow all her warm young Spanish heart upon this cavalier—a West Point graduate, and a man of note, and of strong and dominating personality. She was beautiful. She was an aristocrat; what incongruity could there be in such a love? And so she met him everywhere, he wooed her everywhere, and at the dances to which he gives only a passing remark in his Memoirs, he gazed into the dark passionate eyes of the senorita, and was intoxicated by their innocent beauty, and the touch of her lithe form, in the mazes of the dance.

"And eyes looked love to eyes that
spoke again.
And all went merry as a marriage
bell."

Never name sounded sweeter than his own, when spoken by the lips he loved, in her own soft Spanish tongue —Guillermo—(William).

She did not dream but that the future would be always thus.

She was young, and she loved, and the flecha de cupido (love shaft) had gone forth, and could not be recalled. Every night found him at the quaint old Spanish home under the rose bower with Maria. She played most beautifully upon the harp, and sang tenderly and meaningly of love, for at that age there is nothing else worth the having, in all this great world, and Cupid played upon las fibras del corazon (the heart strings), and the melody has vibrated through all these years, and still vibrates, though the harp has long since rusted, and been laid aside. The human heart sometimes remembers.

One day, while she was still wrapped in the bliss of first love, she gave him a rose—Rose de Oro (rose of gold)—as rich and beautiful as her own young heart, and he planted it in her garden, and said to her: "I must go away, but when that rose blooms, I will return to you, Carita." . . . And she, being a woman, believed him. . . . . Just at this time the steamer California had arrived, and on board were many of his friends. It was decided that he should then accompany General Percival F. Smith to San Francisco, and act as his adjutant-general. And so—he "loved and rode away," and never returned. After listening to the recital of this legend by one of the oldest inhabitants, we were, naturally, very desirous of seeing for ourselves this remarkable woman—remarkable in that she has been faithful to the memory of one man for a life time.

The old mission bells of San Carlos were chiming musically when we entered the sanctity of the old family home, where she has dwelt all of her life, and for many years has dwelt alone,—all who loved her having long since vanished from earth. . . . O, perfect day in a world beautiful! The charm of the past lingers everywhere as we enter the gate, and walk under the bower of the historic Rosa de Oro, whose massive limbs are twisted into the shape of an interrogation point,—an eternal Why? Up to the door of the long, low adobe we go, feeling almost as if it were sacrilege to intrude upon the solitude of the woman who was true. But as sightseers one must trample on any such scruples, and so we boldly tapped upon the heavy door, and were rewarded by the sound of a light footfall, and there appeared before us—the world-famed Senorita Bonifacio. There is no mistaking the patrician blood of old Spain—it survives all manner of ill treatment. This is a lady; we could not probe the recesses of her inner life, and yet—we had come with the express purpose of interviewing her for the press. But we had hardly expected just this. We boldly accosted by some coarse, half-boldly accosted by some coarst, half-Indian creature, laboring under a superfluity of adipose tissue, and one who would even be glad to be looked at, and commented upon. But here was a small and refined gentlewoman, a delicately nurtured lady, who showed in manner and tone the greatest refinement, and the traces of a deep sorrow in her sweet old face. We scarcely knew what to say, now that we were here, but she graciously ushered us through the coolness of the long low halls, with their thick, Spanish walls, and into her little parlor, which is simplicity itself. We made desultory remarks about the weather, etc., but all the Spanish we had ever known seemed to vanish into thin air, and we could only make the most commonplace remarks. How peaceful and quiet it was, and, withal, how simple. No rich furnishings, nor gaudy hangings, only a photo of the Pope, a crucifix, a beautiful table cover, which the Senorita herself had made of cigar ribbons, and upon whose yellow surface reposed a huge scrap book, filled with the letters and calling cards of all the world's great men and women. Prince and peasant alike were represented, for all wished to do homage to, and to be remembered by, this sweet old relic of another day. Over the table hangs a life size painting of the Senorita when she was young. It was as she looked when life was the color of the rose, and love was young. But whenever we would venture upon a personal question and mention the name of Sherman, she would smile sweetly and say in her melodious Spanish tongue: No comprende—no comprende" (I do not understand), and one soon knew that though others might tell the details of the old legend and sightseers might come and go, yet never from her own lips would they get the story. She had long since decided that the better way to do was to say to any and every personal question: No comprende—no comprende—"I do not spik de Engliss." . . . . We have heard that an old chest holds the remains of her girlish finery, and O, how we longed to be in her confidence, that she might lift the lid and show us a leaf from the past—the page of an old romance. If she only would, we could see the same same soft clinging silk which she wore when she danced with "Guillermo"—the same little satin slippers—the self-same fragile fan which served to hide her blushes when the gallant lieutenant whispered to her of love. But we do not have the entree of her holy of holies," and so—we wait. Perhaps some day—If we go again—who knows?

From the quaint little parlor we are conducted out on the low balcony, and into the ancient garden, and it brings to mind Tennyson's Day Dream.

"Here all things in their place remain,
As all were ordered long ago."

The garden is a story in itself—a beautiful poem set to the music of wind in the pines—and the ripple and roar of the ocean—the chime of old mission bells, and the song of nesting birds. . . . It is the place of the siesta. . . . And it brings to life all the romance of one's nature. It was here, perhaps, in this old-fashioned garden, that her hero first breathed love—under these giant rose and pear trees, which are almost immortal. She tells us that they are sixty-four years old. How more than beautiful it all is for it is the season of the Spring. The wind makes delicious harmony through all the tender network of the leaves, and the bees sing, and butterflies flutter in exquisite flashes of color, and seem to linger tenderly on the richness of the Rosa de Oro. The garden at the rear, as well as in front of the old home, is shut in by a high old adobe fence with picturesque red tiling, and Lady Washington geranium climbing upon it in a mad chaos of color; and heliotrope, and all flowers rare and beautiful riot in a bewildering and unconventional mass of beauty. There are all kinds of old fashioned flowers in this garden—the ones we knew in the gardens of childhood, but the patrician ones of a higher rank nod and smile to them in a friendly way. . . . It is all so bewilderingly beautiful, and yet so full of peace and sanctity, and the charm of another day. . . . The Senorita touches each flower as lovingly as she would the face of a child, for she doubtless loves each tree and shrub as some women love children—and they are her children How often has she paced to and fro under the beloved rose, and murmured "He cometh not," with thoughts akin to the drear sighing of the sea through the pines. . . . And now—the former belle of old Monterey sells these flowers and dainty Spanish work to supply her humble needs. Vastly different it is now. . . . . But the wind roughens the sea, and flirts audaciously with the black lace mantilla of this Spanish gentlewoman, and as the mission bells peal out upon the air, she tells us she must go to the mass; and so we get her photo, standing under the queen rose of all, in this old-fashioned garden—Rosa de Oro—which has bloomed for more than fifty years. We then have the privilege of accompanying her to the old mission gate, and we shall always remember her as we last saw her—entering the great iron door of the mission. Her slight form in its somber garments silhouetted against the yellow of the adobe wall, her prayer hook clasped in her nervous little brown hands; and we can even shut our eyes and hear her say—"No comprende—no comprende."

THE ROSEBUSH THAT GENERAL SHERMAN PLANTED.

## SLUMBER SONG OF SENORITA BONIFACIO

BY JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH.

Maria Ygnacio! The wood-doves are calling,
Each note falling clear upon the fair night;
Bright stars, in the zenith, with radiance enfold thee;
Rest 'till the rose beams a morning light.

Slumber, Maria, Guillermo guards o'er thee;
Sink on thy pillow of hirch and of fern;
Let not the echo from out the dark forest,
Tell the sad story thy young heart must learn.

Maria, Star Blossom! The breeze tells thy beauty;
Thy brow, as the chaste flower which turns to the sky;
No bright scarlet berry, as red as thy lips is;
No fringed gentian blossom, as deep as thy eye.

Thy hair, as the dark sweep of shadows at evening,
Or veil of the night, closing out the fair day;
Thy grace, as the slim willow reed of the marshes,
That sways to and fro with the winds in their play.

Rest thee, my Marie! Blest Spanish maiden!
White is thy soul as thy crucifix here;
No woe of thy race in dreams dare affright thee;
The Virgin, thy lover, and saints, are all near.

E. KORNMANN. DE

# CALIFORNIA—A GARDEN OF EDEN

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT,
Chief of the Publication Bureau of The California Promotion Committee.

California is so vast in extent, possessing an area of 153,650 square miles, its area being greater by 550 square miles than the combined areas of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Ohio; that in discussing the advantages of home life in this State one must in fairness select only features which are common to the State at large. Eighty-three States as large as Rhode Island if combined, would not give as huge a State as California. If one should dwell only on some particular section as large as Rhode Island, he could not present the subject honestly, because each bit of California of that extent has some particular advantage different from some other section.

One feature of life in California impresses me above all others. In all the home districts we have a good climate all the year round. Children can play out doors in winter as well as summer.

The great transcontinental railroad companies are advertising our State as a summer as well as a winter resort, and the California Promotion Committee has done a great deal to attract tourists to California for the winter season.

Of course our climate permits of pretty vine covered arbors and rose cottages. Orange trees grow as far as 200 miles north of San Francisco, and wherever you find orange trees one has the opportunity to make the outside of the home as attractive with green lawns and flowers. Did you ever think that a well-kept lawn and orderly beds of flowers not only increase your pleasure in home life and help your self respect but also add to the value of your property. I venture to say that you cannot find one dwelling with attractive lawn and neatly trimmed shrubbery or with flower beds, which is not neat and inviting inside. It may not be elaborate, but it will be neat and home like. It requires no capital to make the exterior of the home attractive, a liking for nature and a little care constantly will accomplish this. I find that in my home in Oakland fifteen minutes every evening keeps the lawn green and the flower beds in good condition. I know a family in Placer county who have roses blooming the year round. I should like to hear from every reader of the California Ladies Magazine as to what she considers the greatest advantage of home life in California, and what the next greatest. I believe if everyone will write from their experience we will all receive some interesting and profitable suggestions and that we can make this department one that will do a great deal of good.

When any one starts in to talk about a State upon particular lines, he should first say something in general. I have prepared a few paragraphs showing something of the diversity and contrasts which California possesses. I believe all the statements are entirely accurate. Therefore I am sure you will agree with me that in boasting of California—and who would not speak proudly of his own State?—we can stick strictly to facts and still show some very wonderful things.

California is a land of contrasts. In Death Valley we have the lowest dry expression in the world, 480 feet below the level of the sea. In Mount Whitney, 15,086 feet, the highest mountain peak in North America outside of Alaska. In our vineyards and orchards, in our truck farms and small fruit districts, we have land as fertile as any in the world. In the Mojave desert is land as barren, as inhospital and devoid of life as the Sahara sands. In the redwoods of Mendocino and Humboldt counties we have the densest forests, in the Calaveras groves the largest trees, in the Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy valleys scenery surpassed by none in the world. In Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa we have the greatest horticulturist in history—a veritable wizard in hybridizing plants, who has produced more than 2,000 species, sub-species and different varieties of plant life. In the gold dredgers at Oroville, California possesses one of the most curious and ingenious forms of mining—that of scooping up gold-carrying deposits from the bottom of the streams by huge floating dredgers, whose giant fists are thrust through the water and deep into the river beds for the auriferous gravels. Near San Bernardino we have the largest deposits of borax; in Placer county the largest gravel drift mines where the buried channels of prehistoric river beds are followed with tunnels for their wealth. At Avalon the fisherman pursues, with rod and reel, the leaping tuna, the giant horse-mackerel, king of all game fish. Along California's 800 miles of sea coast you will find some of the best appointed seaside resorts in the world, whose great hotels attest that man has performed his part in taking advantage of nature's generosity. At South Pasadena you will find the central ostrich farm, the owner of the greatest number of ostriches outside of Africa. At Mount Lowe and Mount Tamalpais you will find the most marvelous feats of railroad building.

The diversity of California's climate is as marked as the variety of her scenery. Along the great stretch of shore between the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range the climate is warmer and dryer, and is especially favorable to fruit growing, farming and dairying. In the mountain districts, from the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas to their snow-clad summits, a varying distance of from 100 to 250 miles, one finds every gradation of climate, from that of the Sacramento valley, 100 feet above sea level to that of an altitude of 8,000 feet. But the golden mean of California is reached through her contrasts. The vast Mojave desert and the deserts of Western Nevada give warmth and dryness to the air; the Pacific Ocean, with its moisture, preserves the equilibrium.

All of California's agricultural pursuits may be said to be followed, as a rule by two classes of persons—the large rancher, the man who raises his produce on a vaster scale than anywhere else in the world, and the small farmer, the man who cultivates the land intensively, who rears his family and makes a comfortable living on from five to twenty acres of land, and whose income is often equal, and many times exceeds that of the Eastern farmer with his forty, eighty and 160 acres. There are in California's agricultural life some single enterprises on a scale so vast that the figures of their output seem almost spectacular. Compared with the aggregate smaller enterprises they are trivial, but they show of what the State is capable. Here are a few of them:

California has the largest asparagus plantation in the world; the largest olive orchard; the largest garden-seed plantations; the largest wine cistern in the world, and the largest vineyard in the United States. California produces more prunes and raisins than any other section. It has the largest cattle ranch in the Far West and some of the largest dairy farms, where cattle graze the year round without housing. The greatest asparagus plantation is that at Bouldin Island, near Stockton. 625 carloads of preserved asparagus having been shipped in one season from this great plantation all below tide-water level, and in that great belt of reclaimed swamp lands at the confluence and along the valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. This is the largest single reclamation project in the United States. Like Holland, this country, with its dairies and its rich truck farms, is just a bit of the new California, and it goes to prove the remarkable diversity of the resources of this vast State. The Stockton country raises more chicory than any other country in the west, and similarly leads the West in the production of wheat, barley, rye, asparagus and potatoes. It exports butter to Australia, China and Europe. The largest olive orchard in the world, with 1100 acres under cultivation and 800 more soon to be planted, is located at San Fernando. If you drove all day on the 40 miles of road through this ranch you would hardly see a weed, and yet all this fertility has been brought about without irrigation. In a stretch of country which a few years ago was a desert sagebrush and cactus. The Johnson pigeon ranch near Los Angeles is the largest pigeon farm in the world, with about 15,000 adult birds.

The largest garden-seed plantations in the world are located in Santa Clara county, near San Jose, California. Here there are hundreds of acres in onions, sweet peas, and lettuce, and generous areas planted to verbenas, asters and hollyhocks. The extent of these great seed plantations can only be appreciated by seeing them. They afford another demonstration of California's versatility. You will find these big seed-growing areas around Stockton, too, and if you pass through Ventura county you will find the greatest mustard seed and bean-raising country of its size in the world. Think of mustard and beans being threshed by steam. The largest wine cistern in the

A TYPICAL FRUIT DRYING SCENE IN CALIFORNIA.

CONVERTING GIANT REDWOOD TREES INTO LUMBER.

world is that of the Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti, in Sonoma county, north of San Francisco. Here is a large submerged cistern capable of holding half a million gallons of wine—a veritable lake of wine, five times as large as the tun of Heidelberg, yet this big cistern is not huge enough to contain all the wine here produced, for there are in the wineries huge vats whose aggregate capacity is 3,500,000 gallons. In the Santa Clara valley one may see the great prune orchards, where hundreds of tons of fruit are cured by laying them exposed to the sun on the drying boards in the drying grounds. California prunes are gaining a wonderful foothold in Europe, and their invasion of the French market has become so serious a problem (to France) that the Minister of Commerce of France recently sent a savant of the University of Paris to discover why French dealers should buy American prunes and box and label them as the best French products. At Fresno one may see the largest raisin-growing country in the United States and in a district which acre for acre produces more raisins and better raisins than any country in the world.

In the magnificent Sacramento valley, fertile as the Po, and destined to become the center of a great population, one will find the record wheat ranch of the world—the Glenn ranch in Glenn county—which has produced more wheat per acre, year in and year out, than any other wheat farm. At the Haggin stock farm you will find an establishment whose race horses are world famous. At Colgate you will find the power house of the longest electrical transmission system. California is a great State for home lovers and home owners. Ninety-six and six-tenths of all of its farms are managed by the owners. Dependable water supplies and fair markets have in the main attracted a desirable population, and the character of this population is attested by the good school buildings, which one will see in even remote portions of the State. California is the second largest State in the Union, having an area greater than all New England. Yet it has a population of less than 2,000,000 of people. It has thousands and thousands of acres of unproductive land which are unproductive simply because they have not been cultivated. There are in this State conditions which will suit every one. The most serious problem from the standpoint of the home seeker and the State at large is to enable him, from the resources of the various localities, to make a selection which could not be improved upon. If the prospective citizen is enabled to get an accurate presentation of conditions and makes his selection carefully, he will be as glad to live in California as California is glad to have him come.

Prepared for the California Promotion Committee.

GATHERING GRAPES IN THE VINEYARDS OF CALIFORNIA.

# EDITORIALS

Our country has the bad reputation of encouraging prize fights. These brutal exhibitions naturally attract to our principal cities a large undesirable class of people, many of them criminals. There is a law in some of the States against prize fighting, but it is not enforced. Officers evade a sworn duty, thus perjuring themselves. As a mockery, policemen are sent to these places under the pretense of preserving order. In many instances the law is evaded by giving them under the name of a "sparring exhibition," or an "athletic tournament." But the rough element who witness them are satisfied with nothing short of the most brutal fight, and the officers of the law know this. A prize fight is degrading, uncouth, barbarous and should be repugnant to a person of refinement. With our boasted civilization of the growth of centuries we have advanced in this respect little beyond the gladiatorial exhibitions of ancient Rome, or the savage tilts of so-called knights of chivalry in Medieval days. We criticize the Spanish bull fight and affect to class those patrons of the ring as inhumane. In our own country we permit two brutes in human shape to pound each other into insensibility, and applaud the victor as lustily as did the degraded Romans when a criminal was torn to pieces in the arena by a wild beast. Some of the men's clubs also violate the law by really giving prize fight exhibitions under the disguise of "sparring contests," which is a violation of their rules, and if the officers who are sworn to enforce the law did their duty the charter of such a club would be immediately revoked. Prize fighting is a relic of barbarism and should find no place in this progressive twentieth century.

Our latest violation of the Monroe doctrine, or rather the Jeffersonian doctrine, is the creation of the paper Republic of Panama. It is not generally known that Thomas Jefferson enunciated this idea of not interfering with the affairs of foreign countries, nor permitting them to interfere with ours, as early as 1796, a quarter of a century before it was embodied in President Monroe's message. With the foresight of a statesman, Mr. Jefferson divined what "expansion" would lead to, and suggested this policy, which, until recently, was the unwritten law of the land. We wrested the Philippines from Spain, and have boasted a great deal over the easy victory. We have expended about $600,000,000 in maintaining an army there, and we possess only the small extent of territory occupied by the army. Instead of using humane methods to pacify the savage tribes our officers have adopted the cruel punishments inflicted in uncivilized countries, and the soldiers are permitted to rob houses, plunder churches and commit other outrages upon the defenseless people. Naturally, they reject our methods of forcible civilization, and believe that all of our people are as bad as the rabble we send them.

Great Britain has reached her limit and must soon begin to decline beneath her stupenduous weight and corruption, as did ancient Greece, Rome and modern Spain," whose grandeur overshadowed the world." Greece was the most extensive colonizer of the ancient world; Rome next. Now, they are reduced to mere spots on the map. Spain once possessed all of America; now she has not a foot of territory on this continent, her few colonial possessions are falling away, and a spirit of unrest prevails throughout that poverty-stricken country.

The United States should heed the fate of these decayed and decaying nations. Had we always statesmen in our National councils, instead of too often corporation agents, we would profit by the experience of the past, and avoid foreign complications. If we follow the example of those territorial plundering countries a similar fate awaits us.

Our next step of expansion will be the annexation of Cuba. The war against decaying Spain was declared for this purpose. Though Congress declared that such was not our intention, no one believed it, and our Government thus stultified itself in the eyes of the world.

Not satisfied with this, we have extended our very "benevolent" method of expansion to South America. Our object in aiding the Panama rebels is not to restore order and give them liberty, but in the interests of the Panama canal promoters. When Colombia refused to concede a wide strip of land through her territory bordering the proposed canal and permit us to quarter troops there for its ostensible protection, we encouraged the rebels and sent them military aid to form a so-called "republic." Without our aid the rebels would not have succeeded, and if our troops and gunboats were withdrawn the paper "republic" would fall like a toy house of cards. As in the case of Cuba, our Government stultified itself by denying that it aided the rebels, and only sent a military and naval force to the peninsula to preserve order It is not the duty of the United States to preserve order in other countries. Were a foreign power to send a military force to this country to preserve order while mobs are lynching and strikers are terrorizing the people we would at once declare war. But we seem now like England, the "robber nation of the world," to select a weak power, as Great Britain always has done in her long career of territorial robbery. It is the half-fed, half-clad and poorly armed semi-savage that John Bull attacks and plunders.

We have spent hundreds of millions of dollars in these unjust wars, while we have thousands of men, women and children starving in every city throughout the country. We have millions of desert lands in the West that could be reclaimed by irrigation with less money than we have thrown away in our greed for territory. These lands would thus be brought into market and the Government would receive additional millions for them. The lands would be cultivated, and the States and general government thus derive an additional revenue in taxes upon the products of the new industries. Instead, the people are oppressed by heavy taxes to pay the expenses of these plundering wars upon foreign people whose only offense is that they prefer to live according to their ancient customs and beliefs and work out their own destinies, just as the Creator intended that they should.

Patrons of street cars have rights, but the managers do not seem to think so, judging from the continual overcrowding of the cars. These corporations have no right to exact money for seats unless they furnish them. When a car is full the conductor should not admit others to disturb those who have paid for a seat. A passenger on a railroad receives a seat, and when a coach is filled, another is added. The managers of the street car companies should make provisions for extra cars during the hours of the heaviest travel. It is the general complaint that they do not put on enough nor provide accommodations for which they charge the public. This is not just. It is the duty of those who receive $1,000,000 a year in profits from these people to provide some remedy. Furthermore, passengers, generally, receive scant courtesy from most of the conductors. This is especially the case as regards the rude treatment of women.

Cars are stopped beyond the crossing and passengers must step into the mud; and, too frequently, the car starts with a sudden bound, throwing the passenger violently against the door, sometimes causing serious injury. Some conductors are too polite if the woman is young and pretty often giving unnecessary attention but elderly ladies who need assistance receive very little help from these fellows in getting on and off the car.

Clairvoyancy is one of the greatest delusions of this age of frauds. Yet, thousands of women patronize "fortune tellers," and many evidently believe what they are told. It is not only the servant and shop girls who visit these impostors, but also those in the higher walks of life, and who are to a degree educated. How an educated person can believe in the vaporings of these so-called 'second sight seers" is at least very strange. No human being can see into the future. To make a claim of such power is a fraud. It is a sacrilege. The Creator did not intend that mankind should ever possess that faculty. The future is a sealed book to all. No one human being can see further into the Beyond than another. There is a limit to knowledge and that limit is the veil that shrouds the future from this world.

The California Ladies' Magazine was well received last year and met with a deserved success, for which we are grateful to our many readers and advertisers. We shall endeavor to merit a continuance of this liberal patronage during the present year by making the magagine better in every respect than before.

Its literary features will be increased and improved. We shall publish only articles of the highest merit, especially adapted to a publication of this kind, and of interest to women, generally.

During the year we will publish each month short stories. They will be the productions of the best writers, clean and pure in tone, chaste in diction, and polished in style—stories that can be read in the family circle without causing a blush and still be highly interesting and entertaining.

The editorial department will contain short paragraphs of comment on current events of general interest to our readers.

All other departments will be enlarged, improved and made as complete as energy, ability and a desire to please and instruct, can make them.

It is our aim to print all the most reliable information of what women have done, what they are doing what they can do, as well as what they should do. It will be a ladies' magazine in fact, as well as in name, and no household will be complete without it.

The subscription price will remain the same—$1 a year, cash in advance.

We have arranged with some of the leading establishments to supply us with the latest fashions, with illustrations and descriptions three months in advance.

The California Ladies' Magazine enters upon the new year with bright hopes for success in the future, and we again thank our patrons for their past favors. We wish them, one and all, a Happy New Year.

There should be a reform in our colleges and universities. There is too much foot-ball. Exercise is necessary for the student, but it should be of that healthful kind that tends to aid the mental faculties. Foot-ball is a violent exercise, and develops a part of the physical organs to the detriment of the other members. It brings out the vicious nature of the student and unfits him for his studies. Besides, it is dangerous, as evidenced hy the number of players maimed or killed each season. Some of our professors seem to think that the brain of the student is in his feet, and that the harder and further he can kick a ball the more intelligent he is. The best ball-player is often given medals and crowned with high honors, as the champion of the field. The result is that when the young man goes out into the world and applies for a position his chief qualification is that he can kick a ball further than any one else in his class, or that he won a brass medal. He has learned very little that is useful, and that superficially. Parents who deny their families luxuries and even the necessaries of life to educate a favorite son receive a poor return for their outlay when the boy returns boasting of his championship in foot-ball as the main result of his collegiate course. This vicious exercise should not be permitted on our college grounds, but some invigorating and harmless exercise substituted.

The only way to stop these useless and vicious football games is for all the Directors of the various universities and colleges to pass stringent rules prohibiting them and adopting something more suitable, which shall not effect the brain or endanger the life of the student. Then, there would be no more striving for championship in this line, and our daily newspapers would no longer fill their columns with records of the most successful kickers, and afterwards fill the same columns with articles of their failure in life.

Working women should not be deluded into joining trades unions, and, consequently, in strikes. The men control these unions in their own interests, and the women have little or nothing to say in the matter, but are expected to go out on a strike when ordered to do so. Women find work in only a few of the trades and where the labor is not very exacting. Even then they cannot, of course, do the amount of work performed by men. There are many other kinds of work a man can do even after a strike has been ordered in his particular trade, but, for a woman, there are very few. Therefore, she should not join unions or go out on strikes. In most cases when women are thrown out of employment by these strikes, their places are filled by men when the trouble is adjusted, before the striking women have been notified of the compromise. Besides, a woman is very much out of place when she is stationed in front of a man's place of business crying out that it is boycotted and warning people away.

A number of prominent Christian ladies of Utah have united in a praiseworthy effort to have "Apostle" Smoot expelled from the United States Senate to which he was recently elected through the influence of the Mormon Church. Smoot is a polygamist, and his guilt is proven by evidence which can not be doubted and these ladies have forwarded to Washington the documentary proof. Under the law, polygamy is a crime, and a person guilty of its practice is ineligible to a seat in Congress. "Apostle" George Q. Cannon was expelled from Congress a number of years ago, because he was living in polygamy in defiance of the laws of the country which he had sworn to obey. The good ladies of Utah are entitled to much credit for their efforts in purifying the United States Senate by the expulsion of a man who presumes to assist in making laws for the country, and yet degrades woman under the gulse of religion. Religion elevates woman, and any pretended church that so degrades her is not founded on religion. The ladies resent this imputation upon their sex, and claim that a polygamist is not the proper person to represent a Christian people in the United States Senate.

One of the greatest abuses of the day is the use of "patent" medicines. Many of these so-called medicines are strongly tinctured with alcohol, ranging from three or four per cent to twenty per cent. Some of them also contain a large per cent of morphine. These medicines are very injurious to the health, break down the system and thus prepare it for all kinds of ailments. They create a taste for alcohol, and gradually that desire becomes uncontrollable and the victim is a physical wreck. Many women are in the habit of using these patent medicines to strengthen the nerves, prevent nervousness, or for any little real or imaginary complaint. These mixtures are advertised as cures for nearly everything, but their sales mainly depend upon the alcohol in them. The buyers of these pernicious mixtures are deluded with the belief that the strong taste and subsequent soothing effect is owing to the inherent qualities of the supposed medicine, hut such effects are due to the liquor or morphine. There should be a law requiring an analysis to be made of every "patent" medicine offered for sale. It is as necessary to protect the health of the individual as to enact laws against other forms of murder. These insiduous mixtures kill more people than the assassin's bullets. They fill our hospitals and lunatic asylums, and taint the blood of coming generations. The United States Government protects the Indian by prohibiting the sale of liquors in the Indian Territory, and on the Reservations. The number of bottles of patent medicines sold to these Indians is surprising. If it were not for the large per cent of liquor in them, the noble red man would have very little use for these drugs. There are some beneficial proprietary medicines compounded, but these contain only a slight trace of alcohol—perhaps only one or two per cent. Even this small quantity is unnecessary, but if it all were officially analyzed, the public would know which ones to let alone.

# BREAD AND HYACINTHS

BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

CHAPTER ONE.

"Walk in. Walk right in. You're perfeckly welcome. Come to see the flowers, I dessay! Everybody does, women specially, but men is jus' as welcome. There, now! You've brought good luck along. Thank God, and a Merry Thanksgiving to you."

Meanwhile, the speaker was dusting an old, splint-bottomed chair with her blue cotton handkerchief, both chair and handkerchief being as spotlessly clean after as before the feint.

And the good luck! What was it? The young man's handsome face and figure framed in the rustic chair and its background?

No, it was the sunshine, a flash and no more, through the morning fog just as he entered, but it revealed enough beauty for which to evoke thanksgiving from a grateful heart, even if the remaining day had been all darkness.

"See there, now, young man! Ain't it a pictur? Them chaney roses is redder than a baby's lips; the yaller asters shine like stars, and do you see the purple ladies' eardrops over yander? They're only makin' believe now. Soon their heads, with the red crowns on, will stand up as straight as you'rn. Come out here, little daisy, an' see the sun! Them drops on its cheeks ain't tears. They was jus' watered, you see; now, they are all turned to diamonds; an' the verbenias look ready to clasp hands. Did you ever see sich ivy? I cut it down two weeks ago, an' now its runnin' helter skelter agin, huggin' them geraniums an' curlin' round the sweet-savory hush like a ruffle. No use to work agin' natur',—she's the strongest."

Thus the old lady talked on for a few minutes longer, evidently "thinking aloud," the young man, meanwhile, looking up, down, and around, with as much bewilderment as if he had suddenly leaped from the pinnacle of an iceburg into the heart of a botanical garden.

He was in a wonderful room of a very old and humble house, in a prominent inland town of Pennsylvania. Without carpet, curtains, sofa, or anything which had ever come from the hands of a cabinet maker, its beauty was, withal, so quaint that one might travel the earth over, nor find just such another. The floor was uneven and sanded; the old ten-plate stove, cracked across the top, was uphill, and but for the help of the two bricks upon which its fore-feet rested, would have slid to the door; a lemon tree in a green box stood in each corner of the room, bearing at the same time,

"Leaf, bud, blossom and fruit;
And each sound at the top as 'twas at the root."

Thus, at least, the owner had said of it so often, in the gladness of her heart, that the words, unknown to her, had run into the music of a rhyme, and if uttered a dozen times a year, always expressed a truth. There were five windows, each with little square panes of glass set in a loose, rattling casement. Folks without rarely saw anything in the front of that house but the loveliest and most varied flowers looking at them with their pure eyes; and those within, saw just the same; for they were piled up to the low ceiling, where their tendrils carved the daintiest arabesques over the rough plaster; where they wainscoted the whitewashed walls as panels were never carved; where they carpeted the floor with shadows of such delicate tracery as Persian loom or Penelope's patient fingers never wrought; where they gave out such an aroma as made the air heavy with delightful perfume, and so thoroughly permeated with their own characteristics the daily life of their friend and owner, Mercy Bliss,—or "Aunt Mercy," as all called her,—that she was a marvel to all who knew her; a living epistle of faith, courage, simplicity, truth, wisdom, tenderness and charity.

Stand still, Aunt Mercy! with the loose jointed tongs in one hand and the left arm clasping a pet heliotrope, while I tell how you looked on that eventful morning.

Bless your great, true heart! You did not know that you were standing for a life-sized picture, else your head, beneath that home-made cap of brown cloth,—with here and there a few white hairs curling around its border of scarlet worsted edging, would not have kept bobbing the emphasis on every word you were saying; and perhaps, the short plump feet, with the blue yarn socks drawn over the stout leather shoes, would have kept out of sight under that linsey-wolsey petticoat.

She was not near as tall as the low room door, which almost every one, except herself and little children, stooped to enter.

Half of her was head, neck and bosom,—at least all beneath the shrivelled throat encircled by a string of large, amber beads. The other half was clad in a skirt of scarlet flannel—a holiday dress, exactly suiting the round, wrinkled face and bright gray eyes which time could not disfigure nor dim.

There was a green worsted pin ball, hanging by a low piece of braid from one side of her waist, a pair of scissors suspended from the other, and between this double rosary of untiring industry was fastened a butterfly-shaped knitting sheath which was rarely empty.

Thus attired, she stood in the middle of the room, with the warm, red firelight bathing her feet and a baptism of sunshine upon her white hairs, unconscious, that to the artistic eye of her visitor she and her surroundings made a picture finer than any-

"Walk right in. You're perfeckly welkum."

thing which he had seen outside an art gallery.

"An' what might your name be, young man, seein' you know mine is Mercy Bliss?"

"John Collins, madame. Reverend Mr. Burt (who says you are one of his church members) is my brother-in-law. I live away off in California, but promised to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. He told me of you and your flowers. I wanted to see both, and came without ceremony. That is one-half of my story."

"Well, tell the rest if you want to, John. (Ah, that's a blessed name to me.) The little pig's a roastin' in the bake oven; the folks what will thanksgive with me ain't come yet, an' I've nothin' on hand, special, but to hear you talk."

Click! Click! went the sharp, bright needles on the toe of a man's stocking. Aunt Mercy had sat down to listen.

"You seem to be very contented and happy, ma'am."

"Sakes alive! Why shouldn't I be! I never get rheumatiz or nothin' like other old folks,—and I'll be sixty-five, please God, before the crocuses come next spring. John,—that was the name of my old man,—and I guess it's his name yet,—used to say to me—" 'till I freshened up like a salted dowa pickle does in bilin' water, Mercy ran on.

"Have you any brothers, Aunt Mercy?"

"John Collins! It 'pears to me you're kind o' hankering arter news. You're inquisitivin, as folks say," and dropping the knitting in her lap she gavo him such a searching look that the man who had twice crossed the Atlantic, and stood unabashed before crowned heads, blushed like a timid girl.

"I had a brother Hugh—my nephew's named for him—who went off West, many years ago, to trade with the Injuns in fur and stuff. I was young then, so was Ruth, my sister, an' we sot an awful store by him. He meant to be a rich man, he said. Them times wan't like now. We got letters from him far apart, but allus lovin' an' brave ones, jus' like he was. Then they stopped all of a suddent. Well—that's about all. We expec' the Injuns killed him. Poor boy!"

She sighed all over, and going to a window turned the pearly face of a young primrose to the sun as she added: "I guess the good Lord took care of him at the last, for Hugh was allus doin' that for somebody himself."

"How long since has he been dead?" interrupted the visitor.

"Dead! dead! John ain't dead. He went up, nigh on to twenty years ago. I saw his poor, weak body, all skin and bone, melt away like as the snow is doin' now, but the glory shined through it afore he went. I saw it, an' the new John's awaiting for his old wife up there."

She pointed upward with an empty needle, but never took her eyes off her work.

"He left you poor, didn't he, being sick so long?"

"Gracious, no! We had this house," and she looked around the old shell with an air of royal ownership; "three fat hogs ready for killin', the wood pile was high, an' didn't I tell you I was never sick in my life? Just after butcherin' the hogs my sister's baby, Hugh came to me. He was as white an' slimpsy as that candy-tuft yonder, an' I had to nuss him into sumthin' that looked like a living child."

"That must have been a great care, Aunt Mercy."

"Care! Why that's just where the comfort come in. Havin' that boy to riz an' tend to kind o' greened me,

"He must have made some money at that business. It was profitable at that time. Pity if he lost it all," said Mr. Collins, quietly.

"He sent it all, I guess, to Ruth an' me as fast as he earned it. Kind hearted Hugh! I 'member him writin' that he would put some in a bank or suthin' for our use when we needed it, but we keered nothin' for the money when he was gone. Money! tain't no count longside of health an' friends to help one over a bad place. Leastways, I allus earned what I needed, an' more ain't no use."

Click! Click! Click! The needles were flying as fast as though an invisible steam engine propelled each. A little stream of electric light seemed flowing from their glittering points, for Aunt Mercy was thinking, with genuine gratitude, of the generous hands and true hearts that had aided her when dark hours came, and for which her life was one unending thanksgiving of cheerful words and unselfish deeds.

John Collins knew no more of what currents of thought were coursing through her soul, than he saw the living sap in the veins of the stately poplars outside, through their brown and cracked bark.

"Bless us! the pig must be basted; 'xcuse me a minute."

She "popped up" from her chair like a cork dancing among restless waves, only not so noiselessly. She had no time for dignified slowness, even had she known how to affect it. She was out of the room in a flash, and back in a trice, with a blue-rimmed plate, upon which was a pyramid of golden pippins. She surprised the stranger standing midway in the room, with folded arms and an expression of uneasiness upon his face.

"Got a little dyspepsy, I guess, haven't you?" she asked in a half laughing tone.

"No. The truth is, Aunt Mercy, I have something to say to you, and scarcely know how to go about it."

"Umph! The straight road is allus the bes'; 'keep to the right,' you know, 'cordin' to law. Chaw an apple? I'm ready whenever you are, an' I'll help you all I can."

She was on the stool again, the needles going slowly and steadily.

"Aunt Mercy, I live in California, you know, in San Francisco, its largest city."

"Yes, so you said once, an' I believe you. Go on."

"Sometime ago I was elected to an office of trust in one of the oldest banks in that city, established at least forty-five years ago."

"Well, that's nice; I hope you're useful, John Collins. That's what we're put here for."

"I hope so, too. It is an old bank, as I said, Aunt Mercy, and has held many a one's secrets for years and years."

"Secrets aren't good stock to keep on hand. They're too much like powder, which burns when it busts." The wise old head shook knowingly.

"That is so, but dead men, you know, cannot talk. I have discovered that quite a large sum of money had been deposited in this bank by a young man, and interest allowed for the benefit of two dear friends of his, until such time as they or theirs would claim it."

"Well."

"Well, Aunt Mercy, that was many years ago. It has been on interest ever since, and is now a snug fortune of thousands of dollars, every cent of which can be paid in gold."

"Yes, yes," again nodded the shrewd head in the brown cloth cap, "I begin to understand you. You an' somebody else is his heirs, maybe your brother-in-law. I hope it will be a blessin' to you. Money riches is not allus such, you know."

"You are off the track, Aunt Mercy. The young man's name was—can you not guess? Hugh Godfrey, and the friends were his two dear sisters, Mercy and Ruth. Why I have been hunting you for a month, and now I do congratulate you with all my heart. Shake hands! Shake hands! You did not guess all the good luck I brought in with the sunshine, did you?"

Aunt Mercy had not moved. The needles stirred mechanically, but not to click. Had they have been iron bars they could not have felt heavier in her nerveless hands. There was a torrent of thought flooding her soul, but no words came from her pale lips. Hugh, her only brother, gone in his early manhood, and nothing left to tell of him but the money for which

(Continued on Page 28.)

# THE TOUCH OF NATURE—By Barbara Knowles

Away up on Ellis street in bustling, tumultuous, contending San Francisco, there is a little bookstore whose windows display the latest fiction, trig and trim in bright, attractive dress, flippantly smiling back at their venerable, but slighted, grandparents (long since laid on the shelves), who wait in their tattered, Quakerlike garb with a pathetic dignity all their own.

I think I must have inherited a fondness for old books from my Great-uncle Jeremy, along with the fourscore volumes of "forgotten lore" that fell to me at his death. However, I may have come by this weakness, it never fails to assert itself when I pass a second-hand bookstore.

This bookstore had the additional charm of quaintness, which I suspect came from its previous condition of servitude. For as soon as I stepped inside, I remembered it as a ci-devant delicatessen shop. But now the shelves, which perchance still cherished dreams of "cream" puffs and sundry other "sugared suppositions," were filled with a heterogeneous collection of second-hand books, ranging in point of literary merit from Jane Austen's delightful, primly true and truely prim English novel, to penny-a-liners of ominous and gore-suggestive titles realistically done in vermilion and black. And over and pervading all was the damp, musty smell of bad drainage and old leather, which experience had taught me to associate, and frequent repetition had combined into one sensation.

While I was taking this visual and olfactory inventory, a young woman responded to the summons mysteriously given by an unseen bell, and in monotonous even tones, inquired my pleasure. Her thick flaxen hair was braided tightly and wound round and round her head. A pair of limpid blue eyes, like a tired child's, looked out of a sweet face on which there had settled an expression of placid sadness. There was something deliciously quaint and foreign about her, and as she had the blue eyes and peculiarly fair complexion one unconsciously associates with that Germanic people, I half expected to see the white guimpe, straight, full skirt, and picturesque bodice of the Swiss village woman. But in this I was disappointed, for she wore the prosaic, ubiquitous shirtwaist with the "dip effect" reversed, after the manner of the uninitiated.

It was all so incongruous! The little, dark, close room, with its shelves of musty books, the sharp rattle and muffled roar of near and distant traffic, the newsboy's shrill, insistent cry—and the offending shirt waist—all these conspired to upset all my preconceived notions of the eternal fitness of things. A little village at the foot of one of the snow-covered Alps—way up in the high, pure air; old women in fresh, white caps, knitting on the doorsteps; the tinkle of bells from the herds on the hillside; plenty of snow and flaxen braids and Swiss cheese—that was the appropriate setting for a type like her.

But here she was amid all the sordidness which characterizes the unprosperous portions of a great city, standing with averted face, and general attitude of hopeless listlessness, repeating her question in thick, clumsy English. I was romantic and eighteen, and I rebelled. I found myself vaguely wondering how she would look if she were to smile. There would be a dimple, I was sure. And if she were to laugh, her blue eyes would twinkle, and white, even teeth flash out. It would do her good, I reflected. I would try.

As she was evidently accustomed to being treated as a mere machine—something that handed down books and changed money—I expected her to be surprised at my addressing her in any other way. But I was not prepared for the meaningless, lack-lustre stare, so pathetic in its utter vacuity, that met my first attempt to draw her out. However, I rattled bravely on, determined to win a smile, or die in the attempt. Would she not make the selection for me? I realy did not know what to choose. Yes, I had read Ramona; I wanted something different—very different. Yellow, flaming poppies were beautiful, but at home I had known different flowers—cool, sweet ones that did not scorch the eyes. I was tired of it—the blaze of the sun on burning fields.

I had struck the right chord. Gradually that inner light that had been obscured and well nigh smothered, began to glow and shine through her eyes. Wonder, then sympathy, and, finally piteous, eager interest was portrayed on the alien woman's face as she listened. She leaned breathlessly forward with hands childishly clasped, her cheeks glowing, the blue eyes luminous and sparkling with unshed tears. She understood, she said. She had been like that—hungry for snow. And the flowers. Yes, yes, she knew! She could not remember the strange names on all the books, but there was one—just one little book whose name she never forgot. She had it in her room! She would get it for me!

She went into the little, back room, and reappeared immediately with a little, age-yellowed paper book. Eagerly turning the pages, she told how she had found it, and kept it ever since. She knew those places—Appenzell, Knuslingen, the wooded Spannreute—she had been over them so often. She had one of those flowers (fondly). Anton had given it her. Ah, yes! She understood!

Just then I saw the title. And then I understood, For it was Edelweiss.

# FORGOTTEN—By L. Theresa Vail

It was twilight. The last rays of the setting sun sent a trembling flood of golden light over the whole west. Above the stars awaken one by one. All Nature is hushed. Even the katydid, hiding in the forget-me-nots is silent. Not a breath of air is stirring. Everything is still.

Two people, a boy and a girl, are coming down the garden path. A breeze springs up, the forget- me-nots nod in a knowing way; the katydid trills and again all is still. Hark! the Sabbath evening bells are ringing. The two pause at the gate and listen.

They had been friends since early childhood, and speaking lowly each vowed never to forget the other. Stooping, he picks a few forget-me-nots and gives them to her. Choking back the sobs, she takes them with trembling hands. Their hands meet and clasp. Good-byes are breathed. He lingers a moment, then turning, walks swiftly away.

The golden west has changed to purple, the stars shine more bravely over head, the forget-me-nots nod sadly in the breeze, and again all is still.

* * *

It is winter, though the sun shines warm and bright, the flowers are blooming in the gardens, and birds are singing everywhere. Yet, it is winter—in Southern California.

Two people, a man and a woman, are strolling in the garden among the flowers. Years have passed since they said good-bye to each other at the little garden gate back east. Years of weary pain, full of longings, doubts and fears; years of loneliness and sorrow, grief and despair; years of disappointment, in which eyes have grown dim and tresses gray.

"It is a long time ago," she is saying. "That part of our lives is gone forever. We can never call it back."

"Yes," he admitted, "it is a long time."

"And we are no longer young. We have commenced to look backward instead of forward," she said

"Yes," he again admitted, "but tho' our love is bruised and battered, it is not dead."

There was a prolonged silence, broken only by a bird breaking forth in joyous song in an orange tree overhead.

Suddenly she turned to him smiling; "No," she whispered, "Love will not die."

Kissing her, he tucked a spray of orange blossoms in her hair, and the two passed out of the garden. Had they forgotten?

# TEMPEST TOSSED—By Mary E. Duffy

A storm of several days' duration overtook Sheriff Bentley's party as they reached the prairie over which they were compelled to travel. The party consisted of several guards and four convicts, on their way to the penitentiary. The four prisoners were the most daring, desperate characters that had ever disturbed the peace of any country.

At the close of the second day the storm increased in violence. As the inky darkness closed around, their vehicles were carried away. The horses fled in terror. The men, blown helplessly about, awaited their death in each terrible gust.

The following morning Bob Withers, one of the prisoners, found himself in a forest. His bruised body rested but an instant, when he joyously exclaimed!

"Ta, ta, western wind! Now just blow the sheriff into my clutches."

The swaying of the gigantic branches above his head warned him of danger.

"Thanks. I see danger ahead. I'll move on."

Near nightfall he had wandered into the heart of the dismal forest, where, tired and hungry, he fell exhausted upon the wet, rank weeds. The next morning he was awakened by a sweet voice.

"Open oo eyes, Mr. Man, an' me tis oo dood mo'ning. Me love oo, des, me do."

Bob Withers gazed with astonishment into the blue eyes looking roguishly into his half-closed ones.

The child laughed merrily, and said:

"Dood mo'ning, Mr. Man; oo is so dood. Me love oo, des, me do, an' me tis oo too."

The child kissed him repeatedly, and then endeavored to direct his attention elsewhere. At this he sprang to his feet and hid behind a tree. The little one clapped its baby hands in glee at this unexpected frolic.

"Wun, wun. Me see oo; peek-a-boo!"

Scarcely ten feet from where he stood were two figures. He quickly perceived both to be dead. In a low whisper he asked:

"Is anyone else around?"

"Mamma an' papa, an' me, an' oo. Mamma an' papa s'eep p'enty, p'enty."

The child ran to his parents, and with cooing voice and loving caresses, tried to arouse them. Finding his efforts of no avail, he piteously said:

"Mamma an' papa don't love Ben no more. Ben love mamma; Ben love papa. Des, Ben do. Ben wants to cwy."

The little one's cries grew uncontrollable. Bob Withers became alarmed for his own safety.

"Say, Ben, I wouldn't cry so if I were you, you might wake up something that had better stay asleep."

"Well, for why don't mamma an' papa wake up?"

"Now, look here, suppose you go to sleep, and when you wake up, maybe things will be all right."

The child threw himself beside his mother, and sobbed himself to sleep. Bob Withers turned his attention to discover the cause of their death. A fallen tree, struck by lighning, near by, told the tale.

"So, my friends, you were blown in here, too, eh? Ah, no; this book says you were traveling and lost your way! Ambulance well provisioned, horses in a fine condition. Just the thing. I'll hunt them up and invite the remains of my late traveling company to take a ride."

He started off full of hope and bitter threats against his captors, should he meet any of them. After several hours of useless tramping, he sat down to rest and think. For thirty-six hours he had tasted no food. Every bone in his body was racked with pain. His violent temper broke forth in vile imprecations against the Supreme Being.

"Is oo mad, Mr. Man? Me love oo, des, me do."

Ben's little hot hand smoothed back the matted hair from Bob Withers' brow, while the burning lips pressed kisses on his rough, brown cheek.

"Hello, Ben! when did you catch up to me?"

"Ben didn't tetch up to oo; oo tome back for Ben."

Bob Withers looked around and found Ben to be right.

"See here, Ben, do you know where your mamma and papa left their horses and ambulance?"

"Des, me do."

"All right. Let's strike out then."

Ben tried to keep up with the great, long strides of his companion, but briars and brambles interfered.

"P'ease wait a minute. Me so tired. Me hurt my foot."

Roughly shaking the little fingers free from his, he said:

"Just stay here and rest as long as you please. I've no time to waste."

"Do on, den, me tetch up bym-by."

"Yes, or I'll come back to you again. Well, come, let me carry you and just tell me which way to go."

Lifting the little one to his shoulder, he continued his search, with Ben's oft repeated "Me love oo, des, me do," interrupting his blasphemous utterances.

Days of useless search followed. Ben sickened and became a dead weight in Bob's arms. His tiny hand lost the power to seek Bob Withers cheek, with its caressing touch. The loving words were changed to piteous moans. Finally, as Bob Withers gazed into the sunken eyes and agonized face, he exclaimed:

"You poor little mite; some power is greater than mine just now. The only way that I see of getting out of this death trap is through the door you're going. Maybe you'd be comfortable if I'd stop playing hearse. Pity the storm didn't kill you at once. I'm sure it would have been a heep kinder to you."

Placing the little one within the forks of a large tree he started off once more in search of a path from despair and madness.

"Providence has surely been kind to us."

"Yes, we have a great deal to be thankful for. But the provisions in this old wreck won't hold out much longer."

"Stanley, I was just thinking that we would do well to leave the balance in the box in case any of the other poor fellows came along."

"Take my word for it, there are none of the other poor fellows left, and if it hadn't have been for that tumble we took down that hollow, we wouldn't be left either."

In a deep ravine, directly below them, they beheld an ambulance. Hurrying to it they found it deserted, but in excellent condition. Two horses were grazing contentedly near by. A slight sound drew their attention to a bundle they had overlooked in the ambulance.

"Hello! what's this! A child, as I live!"

"Let's see what this note says."

"Found child in the forest. Its parents killed by a falling tree. Saw you coming down the road. Will leave child in your care, while I go hunt for a few more horses."

"The poor fellow must be crazy. Why didn't he wait for us to come up?"

# THE ROMANCE OF AN UNFORTUNATE SEAL

SEALS SUNNING THEMSELVES—CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Not the least interesting sight witnessed by the visitor to San Francisco are the rocks covered with seals which lie not far out in the bay and are easily discernible from the Cliff House. At times the piles of stone and earth projecting above the water are so filled with the smooth-furred creatures that none of the rock is visible. The bay itself swarms with the animals, which assemble on these Seal Rocks, as they are called, to bask in the sunshine. Should the visitor attempt to study the animals at close range he would find them extremely interesting. Of American animals there is none more valuable or sought after than the fur-seal and no creature of the numerous American animal family is more interesting or intelligent. They live in the sea, but always in the neighborhood of the coasts, where they wage an incessant warfare on the fishes, which constitute their principal food. They enjoy climbing upon rocks and beaches along the shore. When out of the water they are exceedingly watchful, and appear to have sentinels to give notice of the approach of an enemy, plunging into the water the moment any danger approaches them. On land they are very awkward. Their movements are performed by the actions of the strong muscles of the back. The creatures take hold by their fore paws, while they curve the back strongly and thus draw forward the hind feet. The latter then form the point of support and the head and forepaws are pushed on by the straightening of the body. The mode of progression is plainly laborious, and the seals never travel any great distance on land.

In only one genus is an external ear present and that genus inhabits the Southern Ocean. Yet the northern seals hear well under water and are easily attracted to the surface by a noise. They generally travel in shoals and are often seen in such numbers in the northern seas as to appear like a continuous mass. For the sake of respiration they appear now and then on the surface, springing up with their whole bodies out of water. Fishes, crabs and aquatic birds disapear when the seal gets hungry. Before a gale of wind the seals are full of frolic, jumping and tumbling about, sometimes throwing themselves entirely out of water and performing many awkward gambols. At last they retire to their wonted rocks or caverns and there remain till the storm is over. They are extremely curious; if people are passing in boats they often come up very close, stare at them and follow them a considerable time. When a church bell rings for divine service at some point on the coast, all the seals within hearing swim directly for the shore and there remain while the bell continues ringing, look about wonderingly, but never alarmed.

### A CREATURE OF COMMERCE.

Though little known to science, the seals have been long known to commerce and the pursuit of the animals for their oils and skins forms no inconsiderable source of national wealth. Fleets of vessels of various sizes, manned by expert and hardy seamen, annually leave the shores of Europe and America, bound either for the Arctic regions, the coast of Newfoundland, or the desolate shores of extreme South America, whence they return, after long voyages attended with incredible hardships with the valuable products of the seal. The sealing crafts generally start out about the first of March. From 16 to 35 hands usually compose a crew, many of whom are provided with large guns, and the rest with stout clubs or bats. Each man has also a pole or gaff, provided with a hook at the end, to assist him in leaping from piece to piece when among loose ice. Often it is necessary to cut, with ice saws, a broad channel through the midst of the harbor to the open sea; and as the united crews of a sealing fleet sometimes number 2000 men, it may properly be supposed that the broad icy plain displays a scent of no ordinary animation and excitement. Once the vessels are in the open sea, a day's run will bring them to the edge of an ice field, where myriads of seals are discovered with their new-born young. The young produce an oil that is both valuable and abundant and, as it takes but a slight blow with a bat to kill them, they are easily made captive. The gun is used to shoot the old seals. As soon as a seal is killed—and sometimes even before—a circular cut is made with a sharp knife around the neck and a longitudinal one down the belly to the tail. The skin with the surface fat is "scalped" off, forming altogether a "pelt." This alone is taken and the carcass is left on the ice. Barring accident a vessel in a locality where seals are thick will have its hold filled in ten days. The adventure is full of hazard.

In the excitement of the pursuit after the seal, leaps of terrific risk are taken from field to field, across yawning chasms, whose terrors are scarcely noticed and sometimes night draws on, with the hunter then first realizing that he is many miles from the vessel, and there is no clue to guide him across interminable ice-fields. With the setting sun, the temperature has gone down and the bewildered voyager has to pass the night on unsheltered ice, in an atmosphere at zero. Frozen limbs are frequently the result of these exposures and individuals, in their attempts to return, often drop through holes and are seen no more. But this is not all. Sometimes a sudden change of wind will separate fields of ice on which the men are sealing and ere they are aware they are driving far out to sea, helpless and hopeless.

In appearance the seal is unique. Its skin is clothed with thick downy wool. But as this would impede swift motion, it is covered with an outer coat of close, strong, shining hair. The nostrils are closed at will. The orifice of the ear can also be closed and the eye is furnished with a third eyelid, which can be drawn across it as a defense. The limbs are short and almost enclosed within the body, little more than the feet projecting.

The seal possesses much intelligence, combined with its docility, gentleness and affection. It may be taught to perform various tricks.

## Retrospect of the Old and Welcome to the New Year

BY C. W. SKIDMORE.

And now, as the old year lies dying,
To ease it, let's say a kind word;
But let time not be lost in reviewing
What during its lifetime occurred.

The old year has wrought its swift changes
In our city and State—far and near;
Many friends, love and true, have departed,
But all, ever to memory dear.

Our country at large has expanded;
New lands have been conquered and won;
And new voices and hearts now unite in
Our motto of "Many in One."

While many new journals have ventured
In the warfare of letters most keen;
The best, by all odds, and the grandest,
Is the Ladies' own (Cal.) Magazine.

Brimming over with wit and with wisdom,
On themes of the choicest and best,
Both original, rare and selected,
It has distanced, by far, all the rest.

Its writers, the best and the brightest
Our State or our country can boast;
Both in style, composition and diction,
To be found nowhere else on the Coast.

Its aim, ever high and uplifting,
Holding fast, both to truth and to right;
Many months has it waged a fierce conflict,
And victor, comes out of the fight.

The heads of our State and our city,
The Church, Physics, Letters and Bar;
Are now numbered among its subscribers;
Its influence it felt near and far,

In amazement, its friends at its progress,
Ask how it such influence gains?
(In strict confidence to them we answer)
It has that essential called brains.

Now, "A Happy New Year"—the best present
By the way, to dear friends, far and near,
A receipt for your journal's subscription,
Paid up to the end of the year.

Nay, no thanks, for indeed you're quite welcome.
And advice, should you need it, I ween,
We shall deem it a pleasure to give it,
Yours truly, your own Magazine.

# One of the Greatest Discoveries of the Nineteenth Century

## BY OUR EDITOR IN CHIEF

The Nineteenth Century has been the most prosperous and there have been greater advances in the sciences, arts, and in letters, than in any previous century since history began.

From the time that the gloom of the Dark Ages was dispelled until the present the world has been growing brighter and better.

For this humanity is indebted to scientists, inventors, men of letters, artists, and other original thinkers, who have devoted their talents and time for the good of posterity. The discovery of the properties of the magnetic needle and its application gave an impetus to navigation, and resulted in the discovery of the new continent of America. It opened the world to commerce and created new commercial centers. The invention of the art of printing was the beginning of the Rennaisance, and from which modern history begins. The discovery of the law of gravitation was a great advance, the circulation of the human blood was another, and the prevention of smallpox by innoculation was still another important discovery. But, during the century just closed there have been many other wonderful and very valuable inventions and discoveries. Some of them are, perhaps, equally as valuable to humanity as the preceding ones, and perhaps some of them are more so.

For example: Professor S. F. B. Morse invented a system of telegraphy which brought the world in almost instantaneous communication. True, he was indebted to the philosopher and editor, Benjamin Franklin, who brought the lightning from the clouds and demonstrated the uses of the electric current. From Prof. Morse's primitive telegraph the civilized world has been connected by sub-marine cables. His name will never die.

Following the discovery of the powers of steam was the invention of the steamboat, or rather a craft propelled by that power. This, however, properly belongs to the preceding century. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, John Fitch built a small boat in the Big Elkhorn river, near Lexington, Kentucky, and used steam as a motive power. Not finding sufficient encouragement in this country for his enterprise, he went to France several years afterwards, and there built a "steamboat." He stated his plans to Napoleon, who was then constructing a fleet for the invasion of England. Unfortunately, on the trial trip, the engine exploded, and Fitch returned, disheartened. Had the engine worked properly, the history of the world would be written differently, and there would have been no Waterloo for Napoleon. This same inventor built a small railroad, the model of which is still preserved. Others reaped the benefits of his inventions, and also the glory in after years. Nevertheless, he was a great benefactor to the world, but, like Americus Vespucci, who first discovered America he is not generally known as the original inventor of the steamboat and the railroad.

Coming down to the time within the recollection of people now living, we have the telephone, invented by Professor Bell, which is a great convenience in communication and an incalculable benefit to commerce. It completes the work of the telegraph by bringing us still nearer to each other. Professor Edison has made many discoveries in electricity, and its application, and it has become the greatest factor for the benefit of the human family, and is the most useful discovery of that nature in the nineteenth century. There are numerous other inventions and discoveries that mark the past century as the most progressive and enlightened in history.

There is one discovery of a recent date which we desire to mention in this connection, for the benefit of suffering humanity throughout the whole world. Though the discoverer is not referred to as among the great inventors of the world, we are sure that his name will soon be added to the list of inventors and benefactors of the human race. While the discovery of the laws of gravitation was made by the accidental falling of an apple, this discovery was made through original thinking and the reasoning from cause to effect. We read in the Bible of the planting of the first grape vine and the shame of those who drank too much of the product of the grape. From that time to the present the greatest stumbling block in the path of civilization, we also read, is liquor. It is one of the worst productions of the world and tends more than any other evil to degrade humanity.

If investigated closely it will be found that ninety per cent of the crimes in this modern age of distilleries are committed by intoxicated persons. To the use of liquor these crimes are directly traceable.

For fifty years many persons have been studying and trying to invent various remedies for the prevention of the effects of this great curse on the human system. Only a very few partly succeeded. Ninety-nine per cent failed to secure even the slightest success. Only fifteen years ago the problem was solved by Dr. J. J. McKanna, who, with the aid of his wife, achieved this victory over all others. In their wonderful invention they have found the remedy for the baleful liquor evil, and its consequent unhealthful influences and crimes.

After so many misrepresentations of liquor cures that did not cure, they found it very difficult in the beginning to introduce this great and invaluable remedy. But, finally, they began to cure some of the miserable drunkards who were brought to their attention, and soon gave them back to the world and to their wives and mothers as honest and upright men—reformed and in good health. During these years Dr. and Mrs. McKanna have worked earnestly and faithfully to confirm the truth of their representations of the "Three Days' Liquor Cure." They have been successful, and richly deserve it, for this is second to no invention of the present century, or that of any other age, as it is for the benefit of humanity. While other inventions and discoveries aid and promote commerce, the industries, navigation, communication, etc., this applies to the human being, individually, and is even a greater boon to the world than the discovery of Dr. Pasteur, for it covers a wider field. For example: We can confidently state that fourteen thousand young men have been saved by this treatment from that misery and disgrace into which they were descending by the use of intoxicating liquors. And we are equally sure that hundreds of thousands will be cured in the future.

Among the many doubting Thomases who scoffed at the efficient work of this great discoverer and his wife, the management of the California Ladies' Magazine was one, we are sorry to admit. But, the numerous impostures are to blame for our doubts in this instance. Since, we have seen their good work, we now give them credit for it.

About eight months ago Dr. McKanna established his Sanitarium in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, as the best and largest field for his work, there being about 4000 saloons in that city. He applied to us to insert his advertisement in the California Ladies' Magazine. We gave it no attention, as we are very careful, and admit only advertisements of first-class institutions in our columns. But, he persisted, and we finally considered that if the remedy for the liquor habit is as good as represented, that it would be of great and incalculable benefit to the human family. In order to test the matter to our own satisfaction, we placed in their sanitarium one of the worst and most hopelessly abandoned drunkards that could be found in the lowest saloon in San Francisco, and paid the fee, believing that if this man could be cured, that the remedy was the wonder of the age. The young man was partly paralyzed, and only made an effort to walk, or drag himself along, after we had supplied him with a drink of whisky, for which he pleaded, and cried, saying that it was his strength, heart and soul. We personally watched every movement made by the doctor during this treatment. To our great surprise, the young man was given whisky with the medicine—all the whisky that he wanted. We thought this was a very strange treatment to cure one of the whisky habit, but later we saw that the doctor understood the science of his own investigations. The first day the young man drank seven glasses of whisky; the second day he drank three

DR. J. J. M'KANNA.

glasses, and the third day he did not, could not drink even one glass. The "Three Days' Liquor Cure" was a reality. It proved that Dr. McKanna was right in every statement he made to us before we personally witnessed the cure.

"No, no. I do not want that nauseating liquor. It seems to me as castor oil." These were the exclamations of the young man on the third day, when he was pronounced cured by this great remedy, the most wonderful discovery of the nineteenth century. We were satisfied that the young man can again become honest and industrious, as he was five years ago before he became a drunkard.

After watching this young man for more than a month duty seemed to call upon us to print a statement complimentary to Dr. McKanna in this magazine, showing the world at large that after groping along for many ages under the curse of liquor, with no cures for the degrading habit, one has at last been discovered. And to Dr. McKanna and his worthy wife humanity is indebted for this great, lasting benefit.

Now comes one, and perhaps the most important fact that was ever presented to man: After a thorough investigation of the record of crimes throughout our country we find that ninety per cent of the crimes are committed while the criminal is under the influence of liquor. The unfortunate man commits murder, because of the liquor habit. This reminds us of a fable: The Evil One directed one of his victims to select for himself the least of the three great crimes—murder, theft or drunkenness. The man under the magic spell not being a criminal at heart, selected drunkenness as the least of the evils. But, while he was drunk he also committed the other two crimes. We find examples of this kind in all the State Prisons in the country. Question the murderer, and he will say at the foot of the scaffold, that liquor brought him there. "It was liquor that brought disgrace to my family and relations, and I must die the death of a felon." Almost every criminal will tell the same sad story—liquor brought him there.

If a thorough investigation should be made it will be found that thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent yearly in prosecuting such people and for the support of the prisons. This enormous sum of money is wrung from the taxpayers, who must bear the burden of the criminals turned out through the liquor habit. But no provision is made for the support of the widows and orphan children of the victims of the murderers.

The law-makers should enact a penalty that any intoxicated person found upon the streets is guilty of a misdemeanor, and as a corrective punishment he should be taken to some sanitarium, where he would be prevented from committing a crime, and could be cured of the liquor habit with little expense to the State. The drunkard thus cured would be grateful to the State.

Upon the rulers of this great and beautiful State the California Ladies' Magazine calls to assist in this great undertaking—the care of the thousands of vagabond drunkards, made so by the liquor habit. Here is an opportunity to correct this great evil. Let those who have the good of the people at heart go before the next legislature and ask that body to appropriate money for the establishment of Three Days' Liquor Cure Sanitariums for these unfortunate drunkards, and bring them back to their mothers, families and friends. Then, there would be less need for such large and frequent appropriations for State Prisons and other criminal institutions, for with the decrease of drunkards there would be fewer crimes committed. One-fifth of the money yearly spent in the prosecution of criminals who commit crimes through the liquor habit, would be sufficient to clear the streets of these miserable men, who in their present beastly condition, are a disgrace to themselves and to the country.

Woman, the world looks to you to take the initiative in this good work. You have already accomplished much—you have done what man has failed to do. You propose to build roads merely as a matter of sentiment, to plant trees and thus beautify the streets and highways. We do not believe that you wish to plant those trees to serve as shades for drunkards, but it is our prophesy that it will be so unless someone makes a move toward reclaiming them. You are the most capable to take the lead. Call upon the men throughout the State. Call upon the law-makers. Plead to them as a mother pleads for her wayward children. Tell them of the widows and orphans left to battle with this unsympathetic world. Call their attention to the thousands of divorces granted yearly, which break the union of the family, that holiest organization in the world—all of which are traced to the liquor habit. Unite your voices in behalf of the innocent victims whose blood was shed by the hands of the drunken murderers, and show the world that women are the real heroes in the saving of humanity. Close the doors of the State Prisons and jails, and bring back the husbands and sons, sober and reformed, to their wives and mothers, to again support the family by their industry.

Your voices have been heard on many different trying occasions. Remember Joan of Arc, Florence Nightengale, Grace Darling, the heroines of the Red Cross, and numerous others, and remember that they were only women. Let the Legislature provide for these unfortunates a sanitarium where they may be cured of the liquor habit—one similar to the sanitarium of Dr. McKanna. This is not an advertisement, but an honest cry from the heart of honest women, who call upon their sister-women to help them in this great undertaking.

Remember our experience with that young man, which we cite as an example of Dr. McKanna's wonderful cures. Before we took him to the sanitarium we went to his home, where we found him a physical and almost a mental wreck. His poor mother was nearing the verge of the grave from the effects of heart disease, caused by the downfall of her unfortunate son. The young man stood before her asking and even begging for whisky. It was a pitiful sight. Finally our representative began to reason with the young man, telling him of the bright future that awaited him if he reformed, the pleasures of a good life, and also depicting the pitfalls and snares that lay in the path of the drunkard, and of that career which leads to crime, and the jail or the gallows. When we told him that his waywardness was the cause of his mother's affliction, and that if he continued she must die from the heart pain he had caused her, and he would be her murderer, the tears streamed from his eyes, and he at last seemed to recognize his degredation, and to resolve upon reform. But, his first words were, "I want whisky." The liquor habit was stronger than his resolution. How we induced him to go to the sanitarium, and his subsequent cure, has been told above. We had no faith in temperance pledges and liquor prohibition organizations, but believed that the only cure is the remedy of Dr. McKanna, the original "Three Days' Liquor Cure," and in this belief we were not disappointed.

After the young man, above referred to, was thoroughly cured, we made a close and minute investigation of the work of Dr. McKanna, and we find that he is recommended by the highest authorities in the United States.

In the interests of suffering humanity, the following named reputable and prominent business men have voluntarily recommended Dr. McKanna's excellent method of treatment; C. G. Jones, Mayor, Oklahoma, O. T.; M. A. O'Brien, Sheriff, Oklahoma county, O. T.; Samuel Murphy, postmaster, Oklahoma City, O. T.; R. W. Cochran, Chief of Police, Oklahoma City, O. T.; John Hayes, Chief of Police, Kansas City, Mo.; Judge Wofford, Judge of the Criminal Court of Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. M. Cooke, Editor Chicasha Daily Express, Chicasha, Indian Territory; Arthur H. Dutton, San Francisco, California, a well-known newspaper correspondent, clubman, and former lieutenant in the U. S. Navy; J. M. Edwards, agent Santa Fe R. R., W. D. Gross, M. D., Usa, Ill.,; R. F. Scoffern, Mayor, Chicasha, I. T.; F. H. Greer, president State Capital Publishing Co., Guthrie, O. T.; R. M. Sohn, Sohn Hard-

(Continued on Page 19.)

# TYPICAL SUBURBAN RESIDENCES IN CALIFORNIA

# THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

BY ELSIE A. DEWOLFF.

"Worth makes the woman, want of him the dowdy," may have been true in 1870, but in this fin-de-siecle 1904 it would be I fear, a much disputed maxim. More than one-half of the best dressed women of my acquaintance worship at other shrines. Callot, Laferriere, Doucet, Rouff, are all names to conjure with, and each and every one of them equals, if he does not excel, the late begowned potentate of the Rue de la Paix. But no matter what taste your dressmaker may have—and some of the great ones have genius—those certain little touches which alone give originality should come only from one's self.

Remember always to choose that which is becoming. O Becomingness! that I might be a nineteenth century prophet and preach your gospel! No woman who is truly chic is ever a slave to a dressmaker. The woman who is not commonplace reflects first if the gown suits her height, her skin, her walk—her self, in short; then whether or not it is the fashion. For instance, you know those great Brittany capes that we began wearing several years ago, copied from the peasants of Finisterre and Morbihan. What a delightful garment on a tall, slight figure! Can you imagine anything more extinguished than a little woman, however pretty, in the same garment?

Women who have style can wear well all sorts of doubtful colors and audacious combinations. One of these whom I knew—a woman of surpassing beauty of face but of distinctly ill-fashioned figure—had the gift of style to a point to which there was no beyond. Whatever she wore was simply perfection in the method of wearing; and the admiring imitators, who copied her, fell as far short as the frog fell short of the ox. A famous pink velvet trimmed with natural tea roses which shed their leaves in scented showers as she walked, is still remembered with a kind of awe-struck admiration as one of the stupendous instances of successful audacity in raiment. But when her lagging imitator came out in a poor, stringy maize satin garnished with popples, the world laughed and said, "What a ridiculous gown!"

The pink velvet and tea roses, more than doubtful as it sounds, was in reality ideal—a dress that poet's love and artists paint. The tall, willowy figure with the beautiful face framed in its golden hair; that gracious manner half saint-like, half queenly; that nameless air and bearing of womanly dignity, passive not active—all this cemented by that attractive something which we call style, but cannot analyze, made her something ineffable.

Perhaps there is no better realization of that much-talked-of quality than is to be found among certain of the "mannequins," or models, of the Rue de la Paix houses. They take your orders with the air of queens and move to execute them with the carriage of duchesses. Fat matrons and skinny maids beholding these lovely creatures ascribe it all to their gowns and straightway order duplicates—alas! not with the same results.

I recall a certain Mlle Berthe, who was a joy to the eye—to those who knew her she needs no other indication. I think she could have clothed herself in a tow bag fastened round She was always arrayed in the latest even to that primitive garb she would have imparted a subtle air of elegance. her waist with a hempen cord and creation of the house she adorned; whatever it was, she looked well in it. Ruffs did not deform her throat nor balloon sleeves make her arms ungraceful, She moved in accordeon pleats like a swan and sat down in velvet without crushing.

I think the best advice to the would-be-well-dressed woman is:

Primo, have your gown made of a horse-blanket if you like; but mind who cuts it. Cut is everything—material is nothing. Secundo, remember that the chic woman is well dressed, but not overdressed. C'est le faux chic.

In the morning she should always wear cloth or English tweeds, or percale and batiste if it be warm. Many of the women of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain never wear anything save the simplest black gown during the day, reserving their "grandes toiletes" for the evening. Their chic "resides," as our French friends say—why is it that one involuntarily drops into French when one talks about clothes?—in their beautiful houses, their equipages, their servants, their charities. Turquoise pins as large as bird's eggs, and diamond chains two yards long are not suitable at the Waldorf at one o'clock luncheons. No more will the really chic woman attire herself in velvet for the same informal meal. If you would be chic, remember that it is in detail that the perfection of dressing lies—the well-fitting boots and gloves; the dainty underwear harmonizing in color; fresh veils, ribbons, etc.

I have been writing more especially of the chic woman from the standpoint of her own appareling. But of course for the American woman of wealth and taste, there are endless possibilities that lie in the decorations of her house and in her carriages her entertainments, her servants' liveries and their manners. Mark me—their manners. Many and many a time have I marveled at the way in which women, who certainly should have known better, permitted their servants to answer them.

I engaged a maid last winter, who seemed to have all the virtues according to the enthusiastic reference she brought from a woman whose name should have been synonymous with gentle manners. She had not been twenty-four hours in my service before I found that her habitual reply when given an order was "All right."

I think if I had a fairy godmother and could wish-a-wish, as the children say, I would ask for good taste before all other blessings, even before that of wealth and social position.

Good taste is such a sure guarantee of a woman's character. It is an unseen, indescribable halo which sheds an enveloping radiance over a woman's whole personality.

A woman with good taste may make mistakes—she is human, she is feminine. But I doubt that she will be vicious. Vice will seem to her like green gloves or buttons as big as saucers or other abominations that vulgar women like.

She will never have an inclination err that is not immediately and unconsciously checked.

Good taste implies, first of all, sympathy, and then a whole line of lesser but also charming attributes besides, and sympathy means that you don't rub other people's feelings up the wrong way—that you say the right thing in the right place and are not forever trampling on your neighbor's moral corns.

Tact and good taste—good taste and tact—these two are given only to the lucky woman whose path in life has been made smooth by her fairy godmother, whether she he born in a garret or a palace.

PRINCESS BRANCACCIO, WHO WAS AN AMERICAN GIRL.

One of the earlier international marriages of note was that of Miss Elizabeth Hickson Field of New York to Prince Brancaccio of Italy in 1870. The princess, who is an especial favorite of the royal family in Italy, is lady in waiting to the queen and is noted for her beauty.

PRINCESS ROSPIGLIOSI AND HER TROUBLES.

Princess Rospigliosi before her marriage was Mrs. Frederick Hale Parkhurst of Bangor, Me., and her maiden name was Marie Jennings Reid. In 1898 she divorced Parkhurst and three years later married Prince Joseph Rospigliosi, member of a noted Italian family. As the Roman Catholic church does not recognize the remarriage of a divorced person, the princess has never been taken up by Italian society, and she is now making an effort to have her later marriage declared valid by the Vatican.

## DONT'S FOR CORRECT DRESSING

Don't count the time lost which is spent in studying the effects of harmonious colors. Color is of prime importance in dress.

Don't always wear red if you are a brunette or think blue the only color for blondes. Reverse the order. A brunette can wear all the light shades of blue, and a blonde is a symphony in bright red.

Don't wear black, mauve, or green if the hair is black and the complexion swarthy. Yellow, scarlet and pink should be chosen.

Don't choose delicate shades of pink, lavender and blues, except a deep navy blue, if the eyes are blue, the hair dark brown and the complexion not clear.

Don't wear pink and scarlet if the hair is frankly red. Green and white are the colors. There are brown, oak and copper tints that make a red haired girl a model for any artist.

Don't choose a hat without due deliberation. The value of a becoming one cannot be calculated. It is the article of attire more than any other which brings out the good points or accentuates the bad ones not only of the eyes and hair, but of complexion and the shape of the head.

## TEN THINGS FOR GIRLS TO DO

The following are ten things every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door softly.

Keep your room in order.

Have an hour for rising and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast untidily dressed.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Never enter into correspondence with a gentleman unless you are engaged to him. Follow the advice of the heroine in "War to the Knife," who says: "Say as much as you like, my dear; but write as little as possible!"

# NOTED WOMEN OF THE DAY

- - - BY - - -

**SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER**

The world has just been startled by the discovery of a new power called Radium, which, according to scientists is to revolutionize and change all things on this mundane sphere of ours.

A pound of radium, they tell us, uncontrolled, would annihilate the earth. It is believed that the discovery of Radium will answer the question, What is electricity? Will lead to the production of light without heat, solve the puzzle of the Aurora, show how to make gold, open up communication between planet and planet, and determine how the world will ultimately be destroyed.

And wonderful to relate, this marvelous and mysterious substance has been brought to light through the genius of a woman—Madame Curie by name. For several years she and her husband, Professor Curie, have worked quietly side by side in their laboratory in Paris, experimenting, developing and solving many scientific problems. The great result of these labors is the announcement that Madame Curie has discovered this wonderful substance, before which all other scientific announcements sink into insignificance. The question is asked—of what is this all-powerful Radium composed? We quote from an article of Mr. Theodore Waters, who says: "Radium is a product of pitch-blende which is found deep in the earth. No one, not even Madame Curie, has yet seen Radium in a pure state. It has been possible to obtain it so far only in combination with other material. It is judged by the effect of its properties, which are truly remarkable. Most of that which has been used for experiments came from a mine in Bohemia. It is found also in Saxony, in Cornwall and in Colorado. The quantity already found is so small that the figurative price of a grain has been placed at $10,000.

"Radium emits radiations, that is, it shoots off particles of itself into space at such terrific speed that 92,500 miles a second is considered a small estimate. The particles that fly from it are charged with electricity, and at night it shines forth with a phosphorescence which has been shining since the beginning of time and will go on shining until the final extinction of all matter. Judging by what is experienced with a grain of it a pound would exhibit all the properties of the sun condensed into small space. Radium has been photographed with its own light. Further, if it be brought into the neighborhood of certain other substances it imparts its luminous qualities to them. Thus, if placed near a diamond at night it causes the stone to shine with brilliant fluorescence. It will cause a similar phenomenon in the human eye. It also imparts its radio-active quality to every substance in its near neighborhood. Thus, in the Curie laboratory everything became radio-active. The water-pipes, the instruments, the air, the very persons of the experimenters themselves took on the qualities of Radium, and gave off radiations for days after the Radium had been removed. The air of the laboratory by it was made electric, that is, it became a conductor, so that electric currents passed through it as they might have passed through so much wire, and microbes

Thus it will be seen that the material possibilities were instantly destroyed by the Radium rays."
of Madame Curie's discoveries are enormous. Among many suggestions as the outcome are—the transmutation of metals (the making of gold no less) solv-

MADAME CURIE

Who Discovered Radium, the Wonder of the Century

ing the problem of light without heat, the perfection of wireless communication. Diseases hitherto supposed to be incurable, such as paralysis of the optic nerve of the eye, it is thought, will yield to the wonderful power of this metal. Already a case of cancer has been successfully removed by an application of a tube containing a minute particle of Radium. In fact, from what is known even now it is safe to predict that from this great discovery chemistry will undergo such a rejuvenation, that we may look for most marvelous results.

And this is the discovery of a clever little Parisian woman, who, working in her husband's laboratory, assisting him in his experiments, has given to the world a production of almost unlimited power which may lead to revelations not yet even dreamed of.

### SUCCESSFUL ASTRONOMER.

Many great men who achieved endless fame have also had the valuable assistance of women. Caroline Herschell, sister of Sir William Herschell—the eminent astronomer, sat night after night with her distinguished brother. In that silent time she worked with him, noting down what she saw, helping him in his efforts at original research. With glasses he had made for her she nightly swept the firmament and succeeded in discovering stars and comets. She, too, became known as a great astronomer, her name, beside his, was entered on all the royal societies of Europe, though this humble-minded woman always declared she was insignificant in comparison with her brother.

But in this great discovery of Radium Madame Curie's name is mentioned first, she does not bask in the sunshine of another's greater light, she is the presiding genius and shines by no reflected glory.

### A HEROIC MAIDEN.

A deed of brilliant heroism on the part of a young French girl lately, eclipses even the famous exploit of Grace Darling, and just now Paris is ringing with her praises. For the past two months severe storms have swept the entire western coast of Europe, doing much damage to shipping and causing great loss of life. In one of these terrific gales there was wrecked off Cape Pern, in the Bay of Biscay, "The Vesper," a ship with a crew of thirty-three men. Leaving the sinking ship these men took to the boats. On the Ushant coast opposite, in the driving rain, stood a young fisher girl watching with anxious eyes the fate of those storm-tossed people. Suddenly she saw that one of the boats containing six human lives, was drifting towards the great rock known as Runion Pyramid. Knowing that they would be dashed to pieces if they reached that fatal spot this brave girl, without considering her own peril, plunged into the sea (that she knew so well) and wild as it was swam for the boat. Though driven back by the furious waves, she was at last drawn into the frail craft where she sank dazed and faint with exhaustion. But knowing the imminent peril they were in, she immediately grasped the rudder and skillfully turned it away from the fatal rock. With practiced hand she steered now into the little bay of Penarock where all were safely landed.

In the report given of this great deed, the name of the heroic maiden is not mentioned except to be simply styled "a brave young fisher girl." But upon the tablets of deathless fame her name is registered by the "Recording Angel" as one of Heaven's own heroines.

# GREAT BENEFACTOR OF HUMAN KIND

Among the noble women benefactors of humanity, whose charitable deeds shine out like the beautiful stars above, a new one has come upon the field. Her praise-worthy mission is to save the miserable human wrecks who have become slaves to liquor—that poison that dethrones the reason, and makes men criminals and brutes. Her noble work has earned for her the name of a Mother of Charity for she has, for ten long years devoted her time, night and day, to the reclamation of the unfortunate slaves of drink. Some of these were such wrecks that it was necessary for their friends to bring them to the place of treatment, and sometimes they were carried on stretchers. This worthy and benevolent lady is Mrs. McKanna, who has so untiringly rendered such valuable assistance to her husband, Dr. J. J. McKanna, in the discovery of the Three Day Liquor Cure treatment; and, also, in the establishment of five sanitariums, in which fourteen thousand men and women have been saved from that great curse.

This good and energetic lady devotes her entire time in visiting these sanitariums and in ministering to the numerous unfortunate patients under treatment. In a conversation with a representative of the California Ladies' Magazine, at their recently established sanitarium in San Francisco, Mrs. McKanna said:

"My heart, soul and body are with these poor, unfortunate people. I call them all my 'boys.' Nothing in the world can interest me more than being among them, and helping them in recovering from their misery. I know they are not mean; but they are weak caused by strong drink. From their weakness they are brought to such a life and bring disgrace upon their families. But, thank God, we have discovered a remedy to cure this evil, and in three days we can send them back to their wives, mothers, and children, reformed, sober, and honest men. Many poor women, with drunken husbands or sons, ask assistance from us, which we always gladly give them by restoring to them their loved ones.

"I feel that throughout this sorrow-stricken land there are more than ten thousand wives and mothers continually praying for me because I have saved their husbands and sons. Our object is not to gain the wealth of this world. We are working for the good of humanity, and find consolation in the knowledge that we have reclaimed human wrecks and restored them to their families. However, we are compelled, because of the very large number of patients constantly applying, to make such reasonable charges as will maintain these institutions. Of course, if no charge were made, we could not maintain our five sanitariums. Our principal aim is, as I have said, to benefit mankind, and by this means we are enabled to do so."

When our representative called upon Mrs. McKanna, she at first did not desire to speak for publication, preferring that her many good deeds speak for themselves. But we informed her that while those who had received the Three Day Liquor Cure treatment

MRS. J. G. McKANNA.

knew of its benefits, there were many thousands who did not, and that it would be to their interests to know something about it, and especially of herself. She then, almost reluctantly, consented to be quoted as above.

Mrs. McKanna spoke modestly of her great work, and in her many charitable acts did not seem to think that she did more than her duty to suffering humanity. She is well read, refined in manner, and is descended from a noble family. She has given much of her life to the study of a means for alleviating human suffering, and her name will be enrolled among the women inventors of the centuries. She stands a peer of the lady who discovered the application and uses of radium, and other shining examples of women thinkers, who have enlightened the age. Mrs. McKanna is of short stature, rather under the medium size, but, intellectually, she stands high. She is the mother of six sons and two daughters, and she claims as her "children" the fourteen thousand men and women who have been cured of the liquor habit through this great discovery made by her husband and herself—The Three Days' Liquor Cure.

### ONE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES

(Continued From Page 16.)

ware Company, Mountain View, O. T.; Joseph T. Talbert, Cashier Commercial National Bank, Chicago, Ill.; T. B. Frasier, Chaplain U. S. Navy, Goat Island.

These are only a few of the names of those who have recommended Dr. McKanna's excellent method of treatment. As will be seen, they are gentlemen of prominence and business standing, and are not the men to recommend anything that is not worthy. We have read numerous other recommendations, but the printing of the names only would fill several pages of this magazine.

From what we have personally witnessed of Dr. McKanna's treatment of the liquor habit, and the recommendations from the above mentioned prominent gentlemen, the proof seems sufficient to warrant the ladies throughout the country to move in this matter as above suggested. Already some of the most prominent ladies in Oklahoma Territory have begun a movement for the reclamation of drunkards by recommending the establishment of public sanitariums, like those of Dr. McKanna's. The doctor has a number of sanitariums throughout the United States, and has done good and effective work wherever they were established. The noble women of the country have witnessed the benefits of these institutions, and they desire that the work shall be broadened by inducing, if possible, the various States to aid in the reclamation of the hundreds of thousands of drunkards throughout the land.

# PROMINENT NATIVE DAUGHTERS

MISS AUGUSTA LOUISE SCHRODER — MISS RENA VAN DER NAILLEN — MRS. CHARLOTTE KAST

SAN FRANCISCO.

MISS HELEN JACOBSEN — MRS. EMMA SWANEY — MISS MIINIE DEFENRACH

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF PIEDMONT PARLOR, NO. 87, OAKLAND, CAL.

# OF THE GOLDEN WEST

MISS LIZZIE GUMBERT MRS. MOLLIE FRATES MRS. EMMA HEFFEM MRS. MARGARET MILLER

CHISPA PARLOR NO. 40.

MISS EVA B. M'CONIGLE MISS MARGARET SHEPHERD MARGARET C. M'GONIGLE

MISS EDITH SHEPHERD MRS. MATTIE A. CLANCY

BUENA VENTURA PARLOR NO. 93

# FIVE-MINUTE EXERCISES FOR WOMEN

BY

MARION MARTINEAU

A man went the rounds of the city the other day trying to find a woman who wasn't busy. He gave it up as an impossible job. Three-fourths of the women were rushed to death, and the other fourth were down sick from overwork.

The industry of the busy bee is proverbial, but not more so than the industry of the busy woman. A man's work may be from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done.

Yet in the busy hive of women workers, there must be some that are busier than others. And among the busiest ones can be counted the women who "work" who are actually employed. And in this number can be mentioned the women lawyers, doctors, the women school teachers, stenographers and clerks, the women who work at indoor pursuits and the large number of wage and salary earners everywhere. All these require a special physical culture treatment.

A correspondent wrote a little while ago to know what could be done to improve the physical condition of the woman who works. "I am a school teacher," she said, "and in spite of attempts at hygiene I breathe bad air all day. At night I am so exhausted that I come home glad to sink down on the couch. I am too tired to eat, and often my dinner goes untasted."

"Even when I do eat," continued she, "my food does not agree with me, and I suffer from what is called nervous indigestion. Exercise only makes it worse, and I get thinner and thinner, and more and more nervous."

It is not difficult to imagine that this plaint is one of many. How a school teacher or a woman lecturer of any description can use her lungs all day in a room which is filled with pupils, all breathing the same air over and over again, is a miracle. The problem of supplying the lungs of the teacher with perfectly fresh, pure, warm air has never been solved, and the poor teacher must either breathe poor air or open the window and catch cold.

Of course, there is such a thing as ventilation. But this is imperfectly arranged, as every teacher knows and as every woman who is employed in an office, where there are others, knows. The air grows heavy and the head grows dull, and the heart and stomach grow sick. It is the old, old story of the woman who works. She is tired to death before the day ends and goes to bed too tired to sleep. She does not get rested until spring, when she breaks down with nervous prostration, and so secures a little respite.

It is not to be expected that the woman can reconstruct the office nor can she so order matters as to make herself wholly comfortable. She must take things as she finds them and overcome that which is bad to the best of her ability.

Physical culture is that sort of training by which the ill effects of a bad method of living are overcome. The woman who knows anything at all about physical culture will not get as tired as the woman who is ignorant of the art. While one grows fagged and pale the other keeps her color and preserves her strength.

It is all a matter of physical culture, this preservation of your health and this retaining of your color. One woman grows white and wrinkled and fagged, while the other stays plump, and red and pretty. Both breathe the same air, both eat the same food, and one thrives while the other pales.

The first requisite for the preservation of health is the proper amount of exercise, a sort which rests and does not tire.

The woman who goes home at five o'clock at night, tired in every limb and so weary of bone and brain that she cannot think, is in no condition to perform health exercises.

In the first place she is too tired to tax her vitality. She is really too weary to do anything but rest. She must not exert herself to the point of exhausting the little strength she has left.

There are those who approve of a hot bath at such times, and others that advocate a cold bath. Truth to tell, the woman who has worked all day is too tired for either. The cold bath shocks her too much, while the hot bath takes too much of the nature oils out of her system.

If convenient, and one feels equal to it, a rub-down of alcohol is best. But if this is not always possible the woman who has worked hard all day will find herself wonderfully freshened by a complete change of clothing, particularly of the shoes and stockings, underwear and collar.

The theory of the complete change is this: The body, which has been compressed all day in corsets, collar and shoes, has become tired in spots. The collar presses on the back of the neck, the shoes grow rough here and there, the corset worries the hips. Now, if a fresh lot of clothes be put on, there will be a new pressure exerted, and the old spots will get rested. It is almost equal, in restorative qualities, to putting on a rest robe.

If the woman who has worked all day feels equal to the task, she can slip into a gymnasium suit; and, once in it, she can perform the stunts; and, O, such pretty stunts at that. She can take a rocking chair and, with this simple outfit, can go through the gymnastics, which will rest her body and develop it as well as though she were to try the most elaborate calisthenics.

CALIFORNIA'S CHOICEST ROSES.
(Painting by Paul de Longpre.)

In performing the gymnastics the woman who has worked herself tired during the day should take off all that it is possible to remove.

She should then sit down in the rocking chair and, leaning forward, touch the tips of her shoes. This is a simple feat, but it rests the back. She can then rock backward and forward, swinging her arms over her head. It is not at all hard to do. She can also kneel on the chair and, still rocking, manage to keep her body balanced. There are many and many little things she can do to exercise without tiring herself.

In certain sanitariums in Austria, where the tired out Austrian society women go to rest, they have a bath which is for the worn out. It consists of olive oil scented with rose. This sweet and invigorating mixture is used as a massage, and it is rubbed into the body until there is not a drop left in an ounce bottle. This takes a long time rubbing, but it leaves the patient rested. As a fattener it has no equal.

All of the pure, sweet oils are good rubbed into the body and all are restful. But the tired out working woman cannot always secure the services of a masseuse and must get along herself as best she can.

At this point, after she has exercised, she can call to her aid the best of all things—sweet sleep. If the worker, who has grown too weary to eat her dinner, will drop off into a fifteen-minute sleep before the dinner bell rings she will waken wonderfully refreshed. There is nothing quite as restful as a fifteen-minute sleep.

A certain actress, who is one of the hardest worked women in the world, makes it a point to rest for fifteen minutes every afternoon at dusk. She falls asleep after taking just half a glass of warm milk. She sleeps only fifteen minutes, for she does not want to spoil her night's sleep. This leaves her refreshed for evening, and she comes out from her sleep with bright eyes and a rested head.

A great many women are opposed to the use of any beverage stronger than coffee and milk. But those who do not object to them can take a little light wine and always with a warmed feeling at the stomach.

There is no doubt that chocolate or warm milk will do the work quite as well as hot wine. But there is something about a little wine, warmed and slightly spiced, which finds its way to the stomach of the working woman with telling effect. It is all a matter of opinion. But the spiced wine is recommended by many physicians. Three tablespoonfuls is about the right quantity to take.

The tired woman can freshen by loosening her clothing and washing her face and hands. It is wonderful the amount of breathing you do through the pores of your face and hands. You have no idea how it will rest you to hold hot water on your face. A little boracic acid used as a gargle will also help the tired throat, and a little can be used to brighten the eyes. It is excellent as a spray.

In making boracic acid for use in the eyes it is always a good thing to consult the druggist and to tell him just how you are going to use the powder. This will keep you from all mistake and will, at the same time, insure pharmaceutical correctness.

The great mistake which the tired woman makes is that of coming home and throwing herself down to rest without changing her clothing. It is absolutely essential that shoes and tie strings should be relieved of their pressure and that the collar be unhooked. Now, if, in addition to this, the air of the room be fresh and warm and a few light gymnastics taken, the tired woman will feel a thousand times refreshed.

The matter of diet is one for every woman who works hard to consider. It is a fact that all brain workers have indigestion and the great majority of them cannot take a hearty meal. Meat is specially difficult for them to digest, and there are many to whom certain vegetables, such as beans, onions and cabbage, are so much poison. They disagree with the stomach, scandalize the breath, and upset the patient for a day or two.

Onions, if they agree with the stomach, will not give that disagreeable after reminder. But persons who can eat them without announcing the fact to a critical world are few indeed. But, where they do agree with the stomach, they make a cheap and nutritious food.

The tired woman is usually tired in her head. If it does not ache, it certainly feels like aching; and the working woman presses her hands against it and wonders if it will ever feel right again.

The reasons for a tired headache are too many for investigation. Just what causes it no one knows, and there is no infalible reason why a head should ache. Yet ache it does when one gets tired.

The English remedy of a cup of good tea, boiling hot and not too strong, is one that can be relied upon in many cases of dull ache. But the best remedy of all is the taking out of the hairpins and the rearranging of the hair. If the hair has been worn high during the day, just let it down when you get home at night. While, if it has been worn low, it is a good plan to raise it. The hairpins find new spots and the head is wonderfully rested.

The gospel of beauty is one that the tired woman should not forget. It is strange, though true, that good clothes do wonderfully help a tired head and a pretty evening waist will brace a woman up wonderfully.

The tired out woman should be careful not to take drinks that are too hot into her stomach. The practice of drinking a cup of hot water is one that came into vogue a dozen years ago and carried off many a victim before it was checked. Hot water scalds the throat and the stomach. The mouth may become accustomed to it, but the delicate lining of the stomach is hopelessly ruined thereby. Let the water be hot, but not scalding, if you would avoid indigestion.

The working woman should keep cool in summer and warm in winter. And just how to do this is one of the many lessons which she must learn.

A BASKET OF CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

MOTHERS:

the place to buy your clothing for the

BOY

in all the season's latest, or for the

CHILD

in assortment pleasing and complete is

BROWN BROS. & CO.

Wholesale Clothiers Retailing direct to you

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SAN FRANCISCO

### THE HOT WATER REMEDY.

A worn out woman who retires at night or lies down for a few minutes' rest at noonday with a feeling that sleep is impossible should try the hot water remedy. Simply bathe the face and temples, the wrists and cords of the neck, in water as hot as can be borne. For a daytime nap the dress should be loosened at the throat and waist, or, better still, the clothes should be removed entirely, just as when retiring for the night. A glass of hot water with a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice is a favorite drink for French women and is an excellent sleep producer. Eau sucre, as it is called, takes the place in France often occupied by tea here.

### HONEY IN THE HOME.

Honey is a valuable medicine and has many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections, and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children who have natural appetites generally prefer it to butter. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

### SUCH A SIMPLE REMEDY.

There is nothing upon which the beauty doctors lay more stress than on not worrying. This is the one infallible rule for keeping young, but the difficulty is that nobody has ever been able to tell the beauty seeker how not to worry. A medical authority now comes to the rescue of distressed womankind with a recipe so simple that it is hard to understand why it should have remained so long under cover while carking care was wrecking people's nervous systems, bleaching their hair and furrowing their brows. In the fullness of time, however, medical wisdom has arrived at the conclusion that if the victim of worry will only "loosen her garments and lie down in an attitude of repose," her cares will immediately vanish. Stocks may be falling to zero, the baby may be in convulsions, the servants may all have given notice, and the motor car may be smashed, but all will seem trifles light as air to the woman who puts on a peignoir and curls up comfortably on the sofa.

### HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH.

Plenty of fresh air throughout the house, fruit in abundance and heavy roasts and rich desserts sparingly—these for the order of daily living from Thanksgiving to Easter will prevent spring fever and breakdown. One cause ascribed for the prevalence of pneumonia is the overheating of living and sleeping rooms.

### HEALTH NOTES.

Drink lots of hot water. Boil it if doubtful of its purity.

Don't bestow less care upon the teeth than upon complexion and hair.

Don't use metal or wire hairpins of any kind. They are ruinous to the hair. Use steel or imitation shell of medium size.

Don't think that the skin is thick as the hide of the rhinoceros and treat it accordingly. If you do you will have premature wrinkles and lose delicacy of coloring.

Do not forget that the same blood that nourishes the muscles also feeds the nerves; so when developing physical strength you are strengthening the nervous system.

When you are feeling fagged and your skin looks pasty dip a sponge in very hot water and bathe the base of the brain, also the face and throat, for five minutes. Finish this ceremony with a dash of toilet vinegar.

A simple wash for that bete noire of the dainty woman, a greasy skin, is made by dropping half an ounce of tincture of benzoin very slowly into half a pint of elder flower water. Apply with a soft cloth, using instead of soap and water before retiring.

### FOR HANDS AND ARMS.

For "relaxing exercises" for hands and arms let the hands hang lifeless from the wrist and shake them as though there were no life in them. Hold the elbows out to the level of the shoulders and shake the forearms: move them back and forth in a lifeless way. Stand erect, with the arms at the sides, and twist the trunk right and left, swinging the arms lifelessly. For a fourth movement raise the hands slowly above the head and then drop them suddenly as dead weight.

### HOW TO MAKE A GOOD FACE WASH.

A prominent beauty expert recommends women whose skin is fine in texture and easily roughened and irritated, to use the following wash in place of soap and water on the face: Tincture of myrrh, five grams; rose water, 500 grams; tincture of benzoin, five grams; tincture of quillaia, sufficient for emulsion. This, he says, should be applied to the face with a piece of fine linen. The face should be dried with a circular, upward movement with a piece of fine dry linen.

### HOW TO CURE VARIOUS ILLS WITHOUT THE DOCTOR.

In the medicine chest there can be many home remedies to obviate the frequent calls of the doctor and to furnish the ounce of prevention which is worth a pound of cure.

A bottle of camphor, well corked, is useful for bathing an aching forehead. Toothache often yields to a bit of cotton saturated with it, and pimples and blackheads disappear if the affected parts are frequently bathed with this remedy.

Alcohol is useful for bathing parts affected by neuralgia or rheumatism, and arnica is comforting for bruises, sprains and lumps of all sorts.

Pure turpentine is convenient for cuts and bruises and scratches and all sorts of injuries when the flesh is torn. Before doing up the wound in gauze, pour on a little turpentine, and it will heal more rapidly.

A package of ordinary cooking soda finds a place in the well appointed medicine closet. A handful placed in the hot water in which the feet are bathed does much to relieve tired or blistered or aching feet. A teaspoonful in half a glass of cold water relieves a sick stomach, while a little used as tooth powder keeps the teeth free from tartar and beautifully white.

Every trace of soda must be rinsed off the teeth every time it is used. A generous handful in the bath removes the odor of perspiration, besides strengthening and toning the system. It removes blackheads if the parts affected are first moistened and then covered with as much soda as will stick. Leave it on the face until the skin begins to smart, then remove by gently bathing the face with warm water and drying it with a bit of soft old linen.

A pinch of soda often relieves toothache.

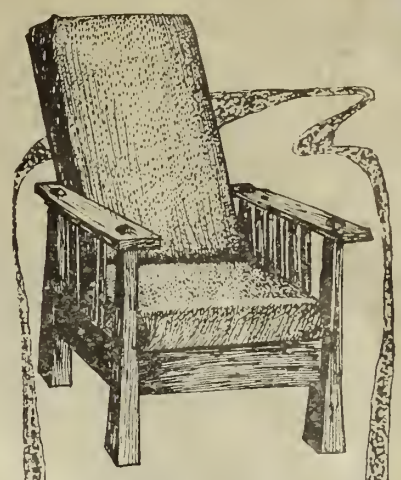
### CROCHETING PURSES.

Crochetted purse work is one of the easiest, most beautiful and inexpensive forms of fancy work that has of late years become so popular, principally because it is so easily and quickly accomplished, and adds such finish to the dress. Besides which, these purses are safer than purses carried in the hand.

This season, many colors have been dyed to suit all varieties of costumes, from bright, dainty colors to the soft grays, white and black.

### "OUTINGS" FREE.

Those who contemplate spending the summer out of town should provide themselves with a copy of "Outings," published by the **North Shore Railroad.** There are so many camping places and resorts along the **North Shore** and the country is so attractive and healthful that the book is needful in making a selection. It is distributed free at the Company's Office and Transportation Bureau, No. 626 Market street, San Francisco.



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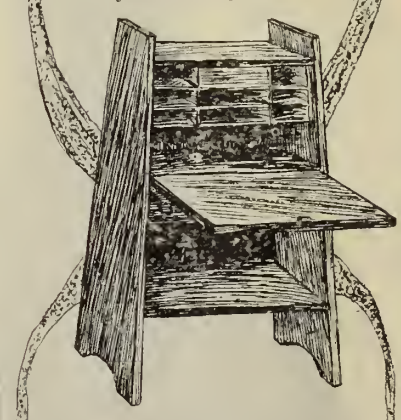

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IT PAYS TO BUY FOR CASH

# PARISIAN SARTORIAL SMALL TALK

BY CATHERINE TALBOT

PARIS, Dec. 19.—The Rivera season, which follows close upon the heels of the holidays, is not showing any diminuation in fashionable favor this year. It is only a question of a few weeks when all the world will be en route to the sunny south. The "little Paris season" is coming to its "halfway house, and, to paraphrase a familiar line, the best inn's best room"—for countries have their fashions as well as men and women—will soon be a a premium.

Exquisite toilets are being created for these dolce far niente days, and their beauty is never lost in the land where it is always afternoon. The dressmaker's art is displayed there to the very best advantage. There is plenty of opportunity to show a stunning gown, and at most exclusive resorts this is really the overture to the play.

White, which for several seasons has been such a predominating note in the southern toilet, has a rival now in the pastel shades. Both the ivory and pastel colors require the becoming touch of dark furs to make them really effective; consequently the dainty light costumes will be worn with magnificent sable and mink.

One sees in some of the fashion talks exaggerated accounts of pink, mauve and blue cloth gowns being donned on all occasions. As a matter of fact, the light dress worn on the street is the exception rather than the rule. It is true a few white or cream fur decorated toilets were seen at the races several weeks since but the best dressed Frenchwomen are trending more and more toward sombre shades for their costumes, especially at outdoor functions. Browns, from rich golden to russet shades, and the greens and dull reds composing walking gowns are more or less rich, though subdued. The point of brilliancy is most noticeable in the headgear. A feature is made of the bright emerald green feather or royal blue or brilliant red plumes which appear on black or dark toned chapeaux, and are invariably worn by a chic mondaine with a black, brown or mole colored costume.

As for fur hats, they are generally composed of two kinds of skins, seal and sable or moleskin and white rabbit, and made up in elongated toques worn a little off the face. Quaint touches of gold in the form of cockades are effective trimmings on some of these stunning fur hats. To wear with a smart tailor gown a toque of beaver, trimmed with parma violets and roses is very pretty.

Another distingulshing feature of trimming is that lace is oftener arranged in panels than as the popular insertion or entre deux. Before leaving the trimming subject, let me say that buttons are seen everywhere, especially velvet covered buttons arranged in groups. Cut steel, gun metal and enamel ones are among the art novelties. Fringe of all kinds, from the wide macrame to the tiny ball variety, is in evidence on frocks and separate waists. This trimming finishes the ends of ties and festoons the daintiest ball gowns in a fringe of chiffon flowers.

Although the tea drinking fad has become popular in Paris, and tea rooms are plentiful in all parts of the city, the Parisienne has never acquired the art of serving the beverage with, as Kipling says, "more than oriental splendor." Paris now has a tea room to be proud of. It was opened recently by two English ladies in the Rue Cambon, and is called Val Rosa. Happening into this charming place the other day I was surprised to see the room crowded with elegantly-dressed Frenchwomen drinking their "five o'clock." The room is delightfully artistic and is becomingly lighted with electric lights in shaded rose bulbs. The tables are spread with lace inserted cloths, and the china service is of the daintiest.

The new tea gowns when made in the light and soft, clinging stuffs are dreams of loveliness. The flexible brocades, velvets, liberty silks, chiffons and even voiles are not out of the running. A beautiful gown is of mauve velours fashioned in long straight lines, with a sweeping, graceful train. The low neck is outlined with an empiecement of embroidered lace having epaulets attached. A girdle of antique silver studded with amethysts encircles the waist empire fashion, and wing sleeves lined with silvery tissue give a very "dovey" effect. Simple and girlish is another tea gown confection of accordeon plaited white double chiffon made up over yellow taffeta. Over the plaited skirt hangs a short, plaited bolero jacket of chiffon.

The gown cut en princesse is coming in again, and I have seen a good many examples designed for the early Rivera season. This gown very often has the bodice and skirt cut separately, but the waist is so skillfully manipulated that the whole frock has the appearance of being cut in one and hangs in long, graceful folds.

Concerning skirts, the width and shape are quite different this winter, for, although the upper part of the skirt fits quite close, the lower part must be very wide. In a great many cases this width is achieved by a ruffle being gathered on a ruffle, a kind of Pellon on Osso affair.

Numbers of flounces are used on all indoor creations and on some of the dressy afternoon street gowns as well. Crinoline of a very soft and pliable nature is placed inside the skirt to bring about this fluffiness.

It is almost impossible to minutely describe the different trimmings of the season. They are all charming and in the right place equally important. Perhaps the newest is the "lacet embroidery," which has the effect of a key pattern carried out in lace braid. A special fancy of the day is for open work or English embroidery, which is exceedingly pretty when applied over a contrasting color. The old fashioned smocking we have almost forgotten has come into vogue again, but now it is caught into diamond-like pieces with different colored silk.

and a lace collar supplements this. Rows of two-inch puffs reaching to the elbow and a fall of plaited chiffon joined to the puffs with a band and bow of yellow ribbon complete the original sleeve. On high necked tea gowns fichus are a favorite finish. And, by the way, fichu effects are a blessing to a woman who on a small allowance contemplates "doing up" old frocks. But to come back to the tea gown, the woman who carries one off with success must be tall and slim. But we all seem able to achieve this attenuation nowadays, and how it is managed is often a marvel. Possibly the corset is responsible for some of the taking off of "too, too solid flesh." Think of the corset of today and compare it with that of ten years ago. The straight front has certainly revolutionized femininity both from a hygenic and artistic standpoint. The French corsetieres are trying to bring around again the small waist of hourglass proportions, but so far without much enthusiasm being displayed for them on the part of the women themselves.

The furriers are having the time of their lives just now as the cold weather is bringing them lots of business. One leading house is making a specialty of ermine opera wraps made in shawl shape and edged with chenille and ball fringe. The wrap, though, that appeals to the great pleasure loving majority is of pretty brocade having raised velvet figures and trimming of lace and velvet. A coat of white zibeline made lovely with dark fur and gold buttons, is also popular.

The theatre hat has been reduced to its tiniest proportions, and an Alsatian bow of velvet or a combination of tulle and feathers is the only head protection my lady now uses for the evening.

* * *

### CAKE WALK, ADIEU.

The cake walk is going out of style—let us be thankful—and in its stead comes the quadrille danced to fancy steps in fancy costumes and with favors to match. And the inventing of these quadrilles shows to great advantage the originality of the society leader, man or woman.

Now that the ultra athletic girl has departed, it is certainly pleasing to see the attention women are paying to their appearance. Curling irons are once more in vogue instead of the "wispy" mode of coif-

fure. French heels, in spite of all that the doctors say, are to the front, and very much to the front. The long trailing, much shirred gowns are worn with gentle grace, and if a girl pines for more rapid motion she takes a course in fancy dancing for the benefit of her personal appearance and the pleasure of herself and friends.

The voice of woman, too, is undergoing a marked change. It is soft, low, and of the best English type.

We are improving, and we know it. One thing is noticeable, too, in the world of dress—the contrast in colors between now and three years ago. Shades we did not consider loud then we could not be hired to wear now. Red or yellow evening dresses are rare, and they are subdued in tint and modified still more by embroideries and soft laces.

Coral is more the vogue than ever, and a long chain is not only useful during the daytime, but can be wound three or four times around the neck and turned into a smart necklace to wear with an evening gown.

* * *

### A SENSIBLE CLUB.

In these days of impractical clubs it is delightful to hear of a club in England for the training of well born women who are forced to take situations as housekeepers, ladies' companions and even maids and upper servants. The members learn all that is necessary and, in addition, have all the privileges of a club, which assists them also in finding suitable and refined situations. In England especially, where the women are so much more numerous than men, an organization of this sort among refined but needy women is sure to be a great boon. If only the refined but needy American women would form a like organization, it might be a good thing all around: but, alas, the refined but needy native born is too proud to earn her living in any such way, more's the pity! We need good housekeepers and good, trustworthy servants, but instead we have to use raw, imported material, while we have an army of useless typewriters who cannot spell, to say nothing of the incompetents in other branches.

* * *

A small bunch of absorbent cotton makes a splendid powder puff for a baby's morning bath, and is desirable, as it will be discarded for a fresh one oftener than a regular puff would be.


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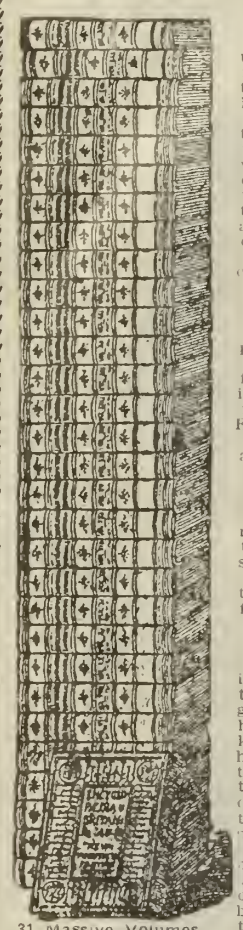

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# A CURIOUS SOCIAL DIFFICULTY

BY KATHERINE BLADES.

"I suppose," said the bachelor, "it's all right to abuse men for remaining single till they are bald headed and not marrying and having a happy home and keeping some sweet woman from dying a lonely old maid. But there is something to be said on both sides of that question. Do you think I remained a bachelor because I preferred my own selfish ease and freedom to the love of a wife and a companionship that would give me inspiration and happiness. Not at all. Listen. No man likes ladies' society better than I do. If I had my way I confess I would have been married long ago—that is, if I could have found the only woman. But among all the thousands of nice girls in this great city I have never found her.

"I will tell you why. I came here fifteen years ago a youth of twenty. My mother and two sisters were intellectual, cultivated women. One sister, indeed, was brilliant. Morally they were of a high type and sweet tempered and gentle in their ways. They were and are my ideal womanhood. Particularly I have always worshiped women of brains because I am fond of literature and of intellectual culture. I had my dreams in those days of the only woman. First, she should be an intellectual, highly cultivated girl because I craved intellectual sympathy as well as good companionship which should last. I learned these ideas from my mother. I thought other women were like her. I thought other girls were like my sisters.

"I had my own way to make without the slighest help from outside influence, but I knew I was capable, and I was determined. The first year I gave so much time to mastering my work that I was too tired at night to go anywhere. I worked holidays. On Sundays I took walks alone or attended vespers in the churches, always alone. Yes, I did long for ladies' society, bright, merry girls who knew something as well. I love music. I was fond of dancing. I am fond of all the social outdoor athletic games to this day; but, again, I was alone. There was the Young Men's Christian Association, an admirable organization, but the acquaintance of girls was not to be had through it. All the girls I met were those who flirt and make acquaintances on the streets.

"After two years some gentlemen who had come to know me introduced me in their clubs and stood sponsor for me. They were kind and also introduced me to their wives and sisters. But its curious, do you know? The ladies of clubmen's families belong almost invariably to the set that cares for dress and fashion more than for anything else. They are gay, bright and pretty and exquisitely gowned, but intellectual with thought for the deeper, higher side of life—no. Disappointed again.

"At last I found where the ladies keep themselves who to my mind represent the best class of women, those whom I really desired to know. They are the ones who do things—professional women and those of the musical, literary and artistic class. And they were almost without exception working for their living all day and staying home evenings to rest for next day or else because they, like me on my side, had no agreeable acquaintances of the opposite sex. These are the women of brains, the college graduates, the writers, the thinkers, the singers, the students of life. But how to meet them? The fashionable ladies did not interest me; I did not interest them. They drifted off to their own kind We all have our own, but we cannot always find it.

"I don't think I should be altogether disagreeable to ladies," said the bachelor, straightening himself and his necktie, "but the ladies whom I wish to meet are about as far away from me as heaven. They are not the kind who go into society much; they are too busy with more important matters. Neither are they the kind to seek mere pick-ups of men acquaintances; they know their own worth too well. Besides, it would take a pretty nice fellow to fill the bill with them. But I have no doubt there are hundreds among those that I consider the best class of women who are situated just as I am. They like men, probably, but circumstances pen them off to themselves, and they live and die single.

"As for myself, I have not yet found a way to meet the ladies whom I wish to know."

# THE WAYS OF WOMEN

The Duchess of Newcastle is so great an authority on dogs that she has acted as judge at great dog shows not only in England, but also in America.

A tabulation of the first year's work of the New York city's children's court shows that 616 boys and twenty-three girls were paroled for petty crimes, the chief of which was larceny. A larger part of the violations came from children under twelve.

A fad of society is to have a brooch or jewel apparently pinned into the flesh. This, however, is an illusion. They are not pinned through the neck but owe their startling appearance to a piece of court plaster.

According to Dr. Baudran of Paris the least injurious alcoholic drinks are cider and beer, while the most injurious is eau de cologne, which wrecks the health of many women.

Miss Floy Gilmore, present assistant attorney general of the Philippine Islands, obtained her high and responsible appointment through her excellent work as a stenographer and secretary and through her perfect legal and technical knowledge of the details of the attorney general's office.

The antiquity of the fan in the East, particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

King Edward, in replying to a special address to the Queen at Londonderry, Ireland, said: "The higher education of women is one of the happiest features of the times."

Plain or ornamental varnished iron work may be made to look like new by rubbing with kerosene applied with a soft duster.

Trained nurses are said to be scarce in the Philippines, where a salary of $25 a week, with board and traveling expenses, is gladly paid.

The school boards of Chautauqua county, Kansas, have agreed not to employ teachers unless they sign a contract to refrain from courting or marrying during the school term. A majority of the teachers object to this provision.

It is said American girls are not now so much in demand for wives by English noblemen as they were because there are so many on the market. Consequently the price of noblemen has risen and a million dollars is now no inducement at all to one of them. He must have much more.

The ill effect of flirtation is that it dwarfs a girl's capacity for loving—her one most precious charm. It leads her to place too low a value on her affections and to hold lightly what she should regard as the most incomparable gift that she has to bestow.

In Chicago there are 31,400 working women in trades unions. These trades union of women have been organized only a little while, yet the results are already seen in fixed wage scales, improved conditions of work and diminition of child labor.

To clean chased brass trays, scrub the tray with a small, hard brush dipped in hot water and ammonia. Polish with a soft cloth.

The experiment with women street car conductors in Chillicothe, O., is successful. The girls are declared to be "bright, intelligent and courteous and in every way efficient."

It is said that a slow, heavy and flat footed style of walking indicates obstinacy, and cunning may be suspected in people who walk with noiseless, even and stealthy tread, suggestive of a cat.

# New Ideas for Winter Teas and Luncheons

BY GRACE GRISCOM

Luncheons, bridge whist partles and teas will continue to be the favorite forms of afternoon entertainment in the feminine world during winter. There is something about the luncheon party that appeals more nearly to woman than any other social function. No matter how elaborately formal this affair may be in service and decoration, there is generally an informality in the conversation, the table talk being of the chatty, chummy sort dear to woman's heart. The luncheon bears little resemblance to the dinner party, which is too often a solemn sacrifice performed in state.

Montaigne, I believe, says a man does not regard what he eats so much as with whom he eats. A woman, on the other hand, does not care so much about what she eats as she does about the manner in which it is served. "Flamingo from Sweden, game from Africa and pears from Assyria" are not necessary, but a novel and beautiful table decoration is an essential the modern hostess deems all important.

Tablecloths have gone out of favor for luncheon and tea tables. The board is now set in shining innocence of white drapery, and the exquisitely fine linen and lace centerpieces and doilies reign in its stead.

There is a perfect craze now for Canary island table lace, and the exclusive woman who entertains will have no other on her smart luncheon board. In design the Canary lace resembles Mexican drawn work and is fashioned from a heavy, though pearly weave of linen. The peculiarity which gives the pattern distinction is found in the total lack of relation between the central composition and the border design. The scarcity of this lace has been held responsible for the present, although it is sufficiently beautiful to be its own excuse for being. This lace is practically indestructible, and when its graceful mission of adding beauty to the table, is ended there are many other uses to which the pieces may be put.

If the real amphitryon is the amphitryon who gives dinners, the really smart woman will be the one who gives a shirt waist luncheon to her particular "pals" this winter. There is nothing radically different about the spread itself except the matter of ices and favors, which should be in the form of tennis rackets, golf sticks, riding crops or caps. The hostess and all her guests don their most stunning shirt waists and the girl who makes and wears the most original stock is given a prize for her industry and originality. This well fought for trophy may be a dainty case in which to keep the treasure trove.

"A feasting presence full of light" is the "sunburst" luncheon, which is usually carried out in monochrome effects. In the center of the polished table rests a huge bowl of American Beauty roses. From under the bowl radiate ribbons reaching to each plate, where they hold in their place the daintily decorated guest cards. These ribbons are in tones of pink shading into a sunny yellow and may be of wide double-faced satin ribbon or narrow widths arranged in "shower bow" effects. When the mistress of the mansion attires herself in a gown harmonizing with the color scheme the "sun ray" appearance of the table is charming. A violet luncheon motif would be exquisite carried out in orchids and mauve ribbons.

A happy inspiration which an enterprising hostess, tired of deadly, dull routine entertaining, has hit upon is the use of picture postals for her luncheon or dinner cards. She selects cards that are daintily illustrated and puts them beside each place at table, with the address side bearing the name of the guest for whom it is intended uppermost. On turning the card the guest sees disclosed something bearing upon the place from which he or she comes, or perhaps something illustrative of his or her particular occupation or fad. A musician, for instance, may find at her place a card on which is sketched a figure bearing a lyre, an artist one with a palette, and the pasteboard given a singer would probably bear the portrait of a well known prima donna. These cards prove great aids to conversation, and when meeting persons for the first time to find out a mutual fad is very pleasant and often leads to an agreeable friendship.

Cupid luncheons are a new development in the fashionable world. Of course invitations to these sentimental functions are only sent to the unmarried. The table is arranged with red and white flowers shaped into a bow and arrow. Gardenias, which at the moment are very much sought after, would, with their glossy leaves, form a tasteful decoration if handled by an artist. For the lay designer a scheme wrought out with red and white carnations would be safer and easier to arrange. Dresden china Cupids adorn the center of the table and place cards are painted with winged loves. The ices are in the shape of hearts pierced with silver arrows. The arrows are given to the guests on leaving as mementos of the occasion. An affair of this kind is especially suitable for a St. Valentine luncheon or one given to announce an engagement.

Afternoon tea has become almost as much of a daily function in America as it is in England, but we may still learn a number of wrinkles from our cousins across the water. When giving a tea to more than three or four persons a silver urn is about the best receptacle from which to serve the beverage. The tea, of course having been previously prepared in the kitchen, is merely placed in the urn over the lighted lamp to keep hot until ready to be handed. Should an urn be disliked, nothing is smarter than a samovar in which to make the cheering beverage at the table. If a woman is sufficiently fortunate to possess a genuine antique Russian samovar she is the envy of all her friends. As a last resort one may use the teakettle suspended over a lamp, and this is much better than to spend time and exhaust the patience of guests in fumbling with a tea ball which nine times in ten won't work satisfactorily.

The 5 o'clock tea of to-day is getting to be a very simple affair. The sandwiches used are made of bread and butter, and though sometimes spread with pate de foie gras, it is the exception. This simplicity of dietary is largely owing to the horror the modern society woman has of growing stout. When we first began to indulge in this English fashion of tea drinking sweets were offered, all kinds of bonbons, pound cake, ices and other tidbits. Nowadays the favorite delicacy seen on the tea table is the old-fashioned loaf cake, which is very simple and resembles raisin bread. Many up-to-date hostesses prefer to sour the "cup that cheers," Russian style, with a thin slice of lemon instead of sweetening it with lump sugar. When the lemon is used no cream is added. A delicate but very strong mixture for afternoon tea is made from equal parts of Orange Pekoe, Souchong, Oolong and uncolored Japan.

While on the "tea" talk, why not use a tea tray rather that the table? These trays are newer and come in all the handsome woods beautifully ornamented with silver rims and strong handles.

A woman who has recently returned from the Orient tells of a pretty way the Japanese have of entertaining in the afternoon. The Eastern affair is called a "ko-kwai," or perfume party. The hostess gives her guests a number of dainty bottles containing different perfumes, poetically named "dew from the mountain," breath of spring" or dream of the garden." The lucky person who guesses the proper names of the secenes receives a unique brooch set with diamonds and inscribed with the word "Ko-kwai."

In making the luncheon or tea party a success the hostess plays no inconsiderable part. She must keep the conversational ball rolling and lose herself in the pleasure of her guests so that the hour may be happily filled with "good discourse and pleasant talk."

## NUNS AS DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

In Paris a number of Nuns cast adrift by the action of the French government are forming a league with a view to seeking employment as domestic helps. They propose wearing a neat uniform of their own designing and to be called "sister" instead of being addressed by Christian or surname without preface. If these conditions be agreed to and certain religious privileges be accorded to them, they are quite prepared to undertake the duties of the ordinary domestic servant. Convent life will have certainly trained these ladies to early rising and in the essentials of the useful calling of a domestic servant, and it is to be hoped that French housewives will welcome them into their homes and do their best to make their lives as pleasant as possible. The bravery of the evicted nuns in endeavoring at once to accommodate themselves to the new state of affairs commands respectful admiration.

## FOR DAINTY WOMEN.

**Ben Levy & Co. Sending Their Preparations All Over the World.**

If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," then the fact that people in San Francisco have been attempting to counterfeit the celebrated Lablache face powder shows how this article is regarded. Ben Levy & Co. of 125 Kingston street have been compelled to get out an injunction to prevent the sale of this spurious powder made by their imitators.

Ladies are cautioned that the genuine Lablache Face Powder bears the signature of "Ben Levy" in red ink across the label of the box. If any box is offered without this distinguishing mark it is counterfeit and dangerous. It should be refused and the name of dealer offering it sent to Ben Levy & Co., Boston.

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# BREAD AND HYACINTHS

(Continued From Page 13.)

he had, doubtless, lost his life. Ruth, in her grave, dead before her child could call her mother. John, her own sickly, but darling old John, "gone up" to enjoy his incorruptible treasures, and Hugh Hale, her sister's boy, the pride of her heart, a wanderer, and God alone knew where! Of what use was the money to her now, but a care and a perplexity?

Ah, John Collins! With all your kindly tact and financial acumen, you could not solve the problem of the result of that unexpected revelation to the old woman before you.

"I do not wonder that you fail to realize it, Aunt Mercy. Such windfalls come to only one in ten thousand. By to-morrow you can take in the fact that you can live like a queen for the rest of your days."

Still no answer. The withered hands that were never quiet, save during sleep, were now folded on her lap as in prayer, yet she had not spoken. Soon, however, she rose up wearily, as with an effort, while her stocking and its bright needles dropped unheeded to the floor.

"Maybe I'll thank you some day, John Collins, maybe not. I'm sort of stunned, but not with gladness. God only knows why this burden fell upon me. Who have you told of it?"

"Aunty, you talk as if it were a great affliction."

His merry laugh, ringing through the room, seemed to stir the lemon leaves into a rustle.

"I say, who have you told about it?" The voice was stern.

"No one, Aunt Mercy. I thought I would not spoil your magnificent surprise by making it a subject for gossip. I heard your name mentioned, incidentally, yesterday, in connection with your extraordinary success in rearing house plants. Two or three other trifles made me think that possibly you might be one of the women whom I have long been seeking, and I came to see. That is all."

"Will you do me a kindness, John?"

"Try me, only."

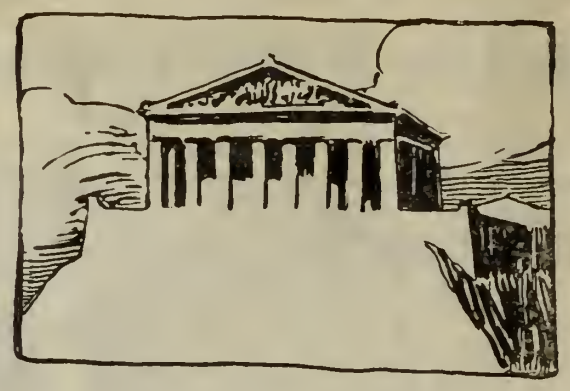
"Then say to nobody livin' what you've told me till I give you leave. Please to go now, John, but come again. Yes," she continued, "Come again to-morrow, when I've had time to think, but please, please go 'way now."

John Collins obeyed her, thinking, as the creaky old door closed slowly behind him, that of all the riddles which he had tried to solve as humanitarian and philosopher, Aunt Mercy, with her odd commingling of pathos, poetry and practical common sense, was the most crooked conundrum.

Nor did the puzzle grow clearer during another interview with her, as she had requested. After a few leading questions in regard to legal technicalities necessary to her obtaining the money, of which, undoubtedly, she was now sole heiress, and a renewal of her request that he would "tell nobody livin'" until she gave him permission, she dropped the subject as utterly as though it had never had birth.

"A rare old body, truly," said John Collins to Mr. Burt, after his final good-bye to her. "She is, verily as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove."

(To be Continued.)

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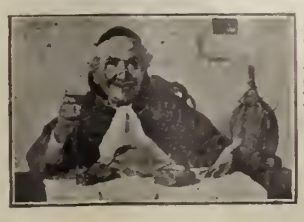

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# FOR WOMEN IN GENERAL

Don't be conscious of your dress and gloves and veils and jewels and expect every one else to admire them.

You need not wear expensive clothes in order to be smartly gowned. But see to it they are stylish, tasteful and carefully chosen.

Girls with brown or fair hair can wear pink or blue. Pale shades of green are becoming to almost any one of the fairer types and all shades of yellow to brunettes.

You can wear pale silver blue even if you are a brunette, with olive complexion. Blue is not for the blonde alone. Indeed, most blondes look better in shades of red. Yellow is another color for you.

Rub light gloves with fine bread crumbs after each time of wearing. If you allow them to get very dirty home cleaning is seldom a success, but treated in this way they will look nice for quite a long time.

Tweeds in two toned grounds of popular colors are illuminated with brilliant specks and nubs of mohair.

Large velvet-covered buttons ornament some of the zibeline costumes.

Gray this winter associates itself with orange, introduced with artistic skill and developing the latent beauty in the gray.

Fabrics are following the coloring of furs, and the mole shade in soft cloth makes a most delightful gown.

The large muffs and long-ended pelerines are very becoming to tall, slender figures.

The girl with sloping shoulders is in the front rank of the procession.

Shaded plumes and shaded hat trimmings are all the fashion.

Sleeves are largely of the mandarin order, with very deep cuffs and the fullness pushed up near the elbow.

The short, round skirt is being rapidly revived for all but dressy wear.

"Angel sleeves" of lace, adjustable by means of tiny jeweled pins to various evening gowns, represent a clever notion of a society woman.

Waist coats of plaited surah ribbon in contrasting colors are a Paris fancy for men.

Fine French flannel makes pretty and serviceable waists.

Leather waist belts are all the vogue.

Blue bids fair to be a popular autumn color.

Fringes will be worn on the early autumn cloth models.

A fawn check and a very fine gray with white stripe are pretty autumn patterns.

Many combs and pins are worn in the hair, wreaths of leaves and flowers are seen for evening dress, and beautiful jewels are always in fashion.

Wings, quills and large spread-out birds are desirable hat trimming.

The many shapes that yokes may take make them an important matter of choice.

Long yoke ovals in front and circular shoulder cape lines in the back are very pretty.

A loose plaited bolero is a dressy notion for a two-piece suit.

The tailor-made gowns show a certain amount of fine stitchery. A very smart brown serge frock has one of the new skirts just to clear the ground all round, with three deep flounces edged with a red and green narrow piping of embroidery.

A skirt made in deep double flounce effect is one of the novelties.

For street wear a black kid tie with taffeta ribbon bow and high Cuban heel is strictly correct, and slightly more dressy is a patent leather tie of the same order for street or house.

Petticoats are an all important item. They should be fitted with as much care as the dress skirt, and the bottom is a mass of frills and flounces.

With the low evening bodice a band of tulle is drawn around the throat, with a smartly tied butterfly bow at the back.

Fancy stockings are very much in vogue.

Green will retain its prestige, especially in millinery.

# A Few Minutes with Young Mothers

BY A MOTHER OF FOURTEEN CHILDREN.

### CHILDREN'S EARS.

Be careful of the children's ears. The hearing apparatus is a piece of very delicate mechanism, no more suited to rough treatment than is the ball of the eye. It can be easily injured by the introduction of a foreign body or by a blow from the outside. Small children sometimes push things into their ears by way of experiment. In this case the child's guardians should keep perfectly cool and send for a physician at once. The child must not be shaken and punished until the object is removed, and above all the nurse or mother must not grope for it with hairpin or tweezers, for that is the way to push it farther in or to wound or even rupture the delicate drum membrane, an accident which may be followed by complete deafness and even death should a serious inflammation ensue.

There is perhaps one exception to this rule of leaving a foreign body alone until the doctor comes. Occasionally insects fly into the ear and cause great anguish by buzzing and fluttering about. They can be speedily disposed of by dropping in a little sweet oil or luke warm salt water.

As to injury from the outside, children should be carefully guarded against any games which include loud shoutings directly into the ear, and it is surely needless to add that pulling the ears and above all boxing the ears as a form of punishment should be held a criminal offense. It may induce partial and temporary deafness, complete deafness, and even death.

### NURSERY NOTES.

A sour feeding bottle may cause a baby's death, because it may set up severe diarrhoea, which is always dangerous to infants.

Don't keep the baby in the house one minute that it is possible to have it out of doors. A baby kept out in the air and sunshine will not be cross and irritable.

A child has a natural dislike for "showing off," and if you make it acquire a taste for such a proceeding you will have to spank it later for being forward and impudent.

An infant's skin is very sensitive and tender. Therefore glycerine should be well diluted before applying it to the chafed surfaces, which annoy and pain the little one so afflicted.

Don't give young children pickles, condiments, strong tea or any kind of alcohol unless a doctor prescribes this last as a medicine. Such things are very injurious to the little creatures' stomachs.

Children should never, if it can be avoided, be given twice cooked meat, and greasy things should always be avoided. The great thing in catering for them is to have everything very plain, but very good.

### CARE OF BABY'S MOUTH.

A talk on the care and feeding of infants was given under the auspices of the Department of Health by Dr. Samuel Doskow of Philadelphia recently. Infection by means of the mouth and infantile dentition was the subject.

Dr. Doskow said: "After every meal wash the baby's mouth with a solution of borax in water. Wrap a piece of soft cloth around the finger, then dip it in the solution and wipe out the mouth and the upper surface of the tongue. If the baby is fed on the bottle the rubber nipple should be put in boiling water for a few minutes before it is used. In doing this the fermentation of the milk will be prevented, and as a result there will be no colic.

Don't give the baby soothing syrup or similar medicines while it is teething. If the baby suffers much let a dentist or a physician lance the gums freely.

"It is absolutely necessary to keep sweets from children in order to preserve their teeth. Sweets cause a fermentation that destroys the tooth structure. Children's teeth should be cleaned before they are put in bed and before and after each meal."

### THE FIRST TOOTH.

A child's first tooth should not be pulled until it fairly drops at the touch. If it is taken from the jaw before the permanent tooth is well formed the jaw shrinks. When the permanent tooth appears, being larger than its predecessor, it does not find the proper room which growth of the jaw would otherwise give, and the results are those overlappings which are so disfiguring, so painful and so costly to remedy.

### CHILDREN AND THE PIANO.

A quarter of an hour at a time is long enough for a child to practice at the piano. Some physicians think no children should ever be set to learn the piano before they are twelve. On the other hand, if lessons do not begin early, how are their fingers to attain the needful agility and how are they to find the time for practicing? Children have retentive memories, and learning by heart becomes easy if the habit is formed in youth. On the other hand long hours of continuous practice are excessively bad for children, and even for older persons. If the practice is limited to a quarter of an hour, with a long rest before the next practice begins, a good deal can be accomplished without risk to the young musician.

### DO NOT URGE YOUR CHILD.

If your child cannot concentrate its mind or commit to memory without great difficulty, or if it seems backward, do not urge it to study. No development which is forced is natural or normal. The mind may be developed unevenly. When the brain cells are more fully developed and the nerve cells more mature the faculties will balance, and the child will become normal, evenly developed. But he must be encouraged instead of being discouraged, for otherwise the result may be disastrous. It is cruel to keep telling a child that he is dull or stupid or that he is not like other children. The discouraging pictures thus impressed upon his plastic mind will cling to it and become indelible in the brain of the man and handicap him for life.

### THE GROWING BOY.

Few people take the trouble to think about the boy who is leaving childhood behind him, but he requires as much care as his sister of the same stage. People say that he is clumsy and awkward, that his feet and hands are all out of proportion, and they quite ignore the fact that this "ugly duckling" will very probably develop into the "swan" of society. The growing boy is exceedingly sensitive, though you may not think it, and to be ridiculed for his changing voice or roughly reproved for his unintentional awkwardness is almost agony to him. Praise and encouragement will bring out the best that is in him. No lad with conscientious instincts would dream of doing a mean action, no matter how much his playmates may try to goad him on, but nagging and scolding parents will do a great deal to hurt his pride and crush his spirit. If his conduct merits reproof administer a quiet word or two in private and then let the matter drop. He will see and understand that you trust him and will try to live up to your standard.

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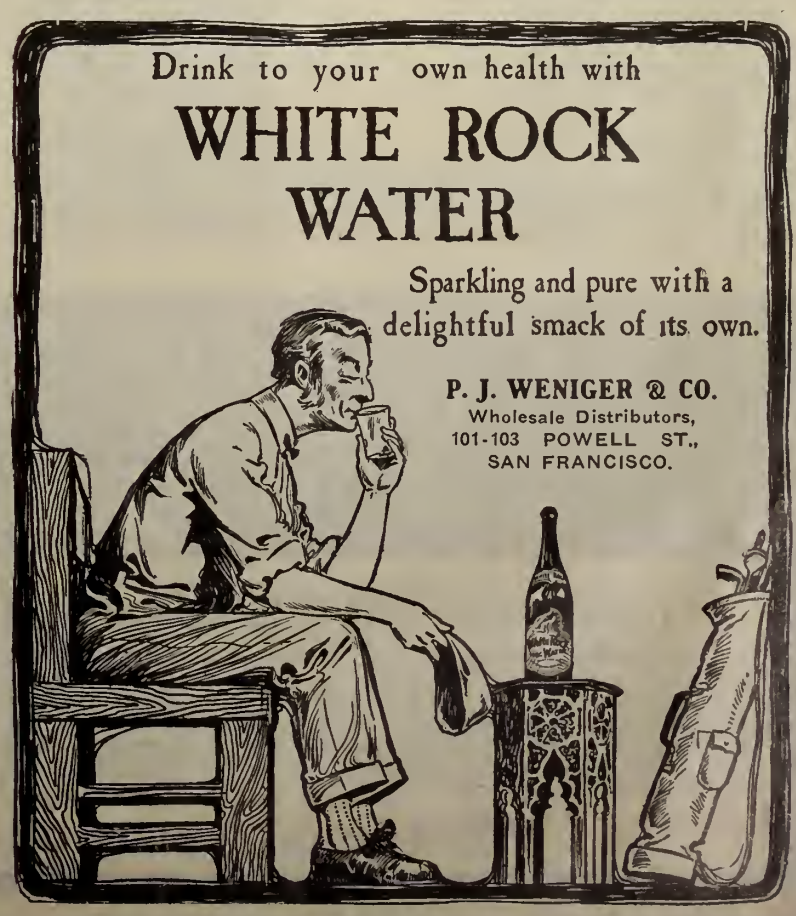

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# RECENT INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS AMONG WOMEN

BY ELIZABETH LEE

A women's hotel has been built under the auspices of the Girls' Union of San Francisco. The Girls' Union was formed in 1884 for the purpose of aiding self-dependent, self-respecting girls who desired to live in nice surroundings and yet who had not the means to live at places where such could be found. A boarding house was opened where dressmakers, bookkeepers and other working women found a homelike residence at moderate cost.

Through gifts from Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst and other friends a building fund was gradually accumulated, and plans for a new and larger home were carried on. There are fifty good-sized, well furnished rooms to be rented in the new hotel. On the lower floor are a handsome hall and living room, with large fireplace, a directors' room and a class room. In the basement are a very attractive looking dining room and a social hall where the girls may congregate before and after their meals, chatting, reading, dancing or playing. Working girls come here for luncheon. Meals are served for 15 cents.

It is also planned to conduct classes in literature, music, sewing, typewriting, and the other subjects. For attending these a small fee will be charged. The directors hope that a number of art students will make their home at the Women's hotel, and that women strangers from out of town will also feel that it is a nice place to stay in for a few weeks.

* * *

The announcement is made that a young French woman doctor, Mlle. Sarah Broido, has obtained the appointment of ship's doctor on one of the steamers plying between Algiers and Marseilles, and is now serving in that capacity. Probably the number of Algerian Mohammedan women that travel on these vessels made the appointment of a woman ship's surgeon especially desirable in this instance; still it was a beginning. Since Mlle. Broido began her work other young French women physicians have applied for the place of ship's doctor.

After all, however, it was not an American woman who thus broke the ice for her sex, but a French woman, in a land where the feminine sex is hampered by law, tradition and superstition to an extent unknown in America. American trained nurses are beginning to serve as well paid stewardesses on ocean steamers, but no graduated woman physician is as yet a ship's surgeon; perhaps has not even thought of applying for the berth.

Now that a French lady M. D. has shown the way, we may expect her pioneer footsteps to be followed. On our own transpacific steamers and around those plying around the coasts of Asia, women doctors might get appointments without much trouble, once the idea became familiar to marine authorities. Many of the passengers on these steamers are Oriental women and children, and the suggestion of a man doctor for the female sex is one peculiarly abhorrent to the Asiatic mind. For this same reason there is even now a famous opening for women physicians and women medical missionaries throughout the whole Orient.

* * *

In every part of the world the note of progress is sounding for woman. He must be either very blind or very bigoted who fails to acknowledge the great change that has taken place in the status of womankind in the past generation. Fifty years ago dire catastrophe was prophesied as the consequence of the unnatural attempt to give women a more liberal education and broaden for her the wage-earning field. Not one of the disastrous consequences predicted has followed. Nature looked out for that. Woman is still gentle, affectionate, refined, still loves her home and children as well as before she learned to read and write, and she is all the wiser as a mother and home maker from understanding hygienic housekeeping and scientific management of children. Proportionately fewer women are mothers than was the case in the old days, when there was no choice except for a girl to marry whether she wanted to or not, but in the city slums, in the college settlements and in the clubs and classes for the mothers of the very poor so many intelligent women with no children of their own are now devoting themselves to the children of others that relatively more infants are reared to maturity than were in the old days. It is a better maturity, too.

* * *

Germany, slow, yet dead sure when she once starts, was late to feel the new woman impulse, but it is a question now whether the women of Germany are not making a nobler use of their hard won privileges than are the women in America, where opportunity comes comparatively easy. When by special permit a woman here and there was allowed to take certain courses without a degree in German universities, it was not thought that women would ever apply as students in any considerable number.

But they did. The girls just flocked and knocked for admission to the grand old German seats of learning. Some professors were for letting them in, while others almost howled, solemnly affirming that it got on their nerves so to lecture in the presence of even one woman that they would not do it for the world.

A makeshift excuse was resorted to to save the nerves of unwilling professors, and, as was hoped, to settle the question. The examination for entrance to the courses in some of the universities was made more severe, as stringent as it well could be. "Now we'll keep the women out," said the antedeluvians. And they rubbed their palms in glee. But no! The women mastered easily even the stiffest preliminary courses, and then flocked and knocked still. No matter how much the standard of admission is raised in any school, the women will rise to it; that may be taken as certain. Woman has already proved her scholarship. There is no way to keep the feminine sex out of the highest institutions of learning except by coming down flat-footed and saying that women shall not come in. And that men of generous, chivalrous nature hesitate to do.

It looks as though the women are getting the better of the opposition here.

* * *

Educated Russian women are among the ablest of their sex. Like French women, they are frequently at the head of large commercial firms. A number of these applied not long ago to the Russian minister of finance for permission to appear on the stock exchange and do business on their own account, instead of having to operate through brokers. The matter was so momentous that the minister begged time to consider, and he apparently needed a long time, for his answer has not yet been reported.

* * *

The lovable little brown women of Japan will be the first of their sex to walk out of oriental darkness into the radiant light that has dawned for western women in these latter days. Hundreds of them are being educated in America and in western Europe. In Tokio there is now a university for women. It is to be noted in favor of the Japanese man that he is usually quite in sympathy with all movements for the emancipation of woman in his country. Even in India, the saddest, darkest, most nearly hopeless land of the earth for the female sex, the new woman movement is vibrating. A Hindoo woman lawyer, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, has been studying legal lore in London for some time in order that she may go back to her own country to help the women and children in their legal and property rights. In India women are absolutely helpless. If they need a lawyer he is not allowed to see them; they are not allowed to see him. All conversation between widow and lawyer must be with a screen between. Think how it would be never to see your pastor, doctor or lawyer face to face! There appears to be a great opening for professional women of all varieties in the benighted Orient.

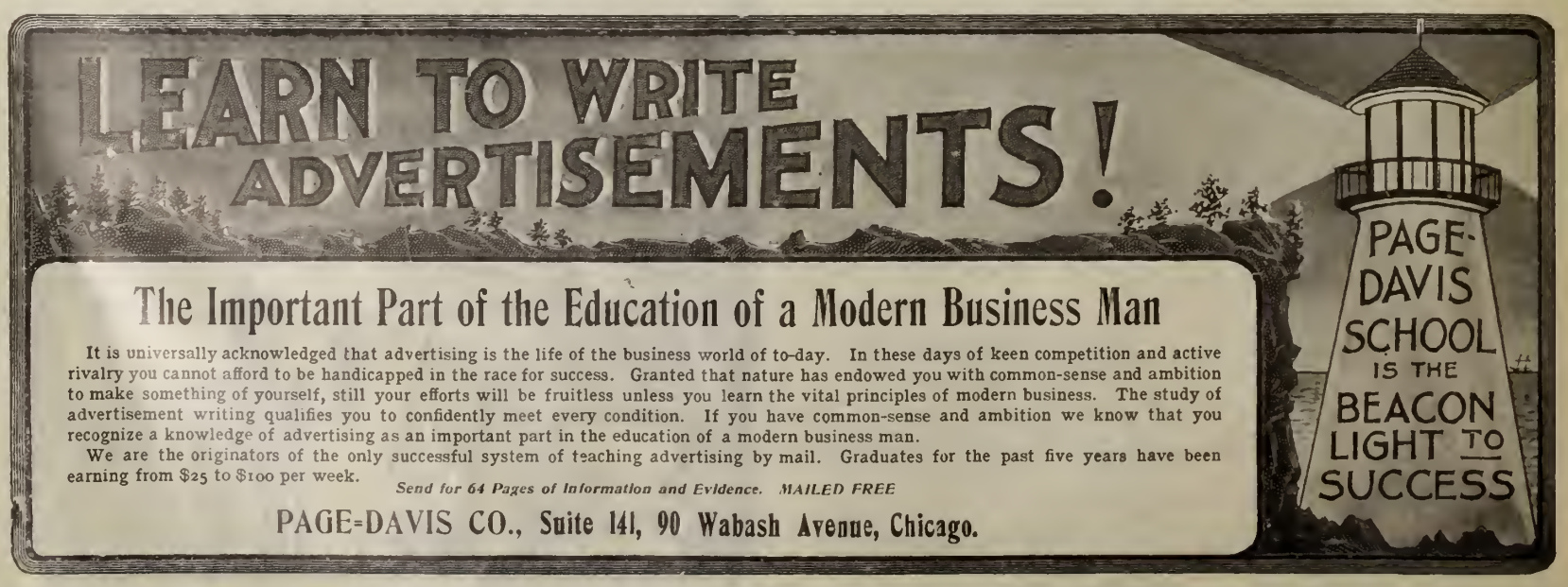
* * *

Even in Turkey there is a growing woman movement, with the peculiar feature that it is men, not women, who have initiated it. The more intelligent and progressive Turkish men realize that if their nation is not to be wiped off the slate as so many oriental nations before it have been, the women of the nation must be elevated and enlightened. Few women in the Ottoman empire have as yet intelligence enough to take part in the movement, but there is already a Turkish princess, Hairie Ben Ald, who has unveiled herself and learned to speak in public in western countries in order to do what she can to ameliorate the miserable condition of Turkish women.

* * *

In our own land each decennial census shows a steadily increasing percentage of wage-earning women. In Massachusetts 27.23 per cent of all those engaged in gainful occupations are women. When Harriet Martineau came to America in 1840 there were only seven employments open to women. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, says:

"To my own mind one of the greatest boons and one of the surest prophecies which I can offer as to the result of the industrial emancipation of woman will be the frank admission on the part of the true and chivalric man that she is the sole rightful owner of her own being in every respect, and that whatever companionship shall exist between her and man shall be as thoroughly honorable to her as to him."

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# Fred's Wife and Elizabeth

BY MYRTLE CONGER, SHELBYVI LLE, IND.

The fire in the open grate cast dancing shadows about the floor, upon the walls and ceiling, and across the bed.

Elizabeth, disrobed and settled warmly among the pillows, watched Winchen moving the chairs into their respective places. "Martha, Martha," she quoted to herself, "thou art troubled about many things."

"Wasn't Elsie Gainor's dress beautiful?" asked Winchen, picking up a velvet bow and putting it carefully into a little box that stood open on the dressing table.

"I'm afraid I didn't notice it," Elizabeth returned.

"Elsie's so sweet in blue," continued the other from the depth of the closet, where she was bestowing a pair of dancing slippers. "She's such a dear girl, too," she added, as she closed the closet door behind her.

"Yes," admitted Elizabeth, without much interest.

Winchen looked about the room with the scrutinizing eye of a careful housewife, then sighed and went over to the bed.

"Are you quite sure you won't be afraid to sleep alone, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, quite sure."

Winchen sat down upon the bed and drew the coverlet up over her friend's shoulders.

"Wasn't it lovely, to-night?" she said. "I'm so glad you had a nice time. Everybody was so sweet to you; you're such a charming woman, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth smiled. "Thank you," she said. "It was lovely."

"Doesn't it seem like the old days to be together again? I thought you never were coming to see me. I'm so lonesome sometimes, now. Fred's at home so little. School days seem a long way off after one's married, don't they? But you haven't changed one bit. Why don't you marry, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth drew her arms from beneath the coverlet. "Few women," she said, "can give the real reason why they do not marry—why they have not married."

"Who would have thought at school that insignificant little me would have been married four years, and you still unmarried. You always had a list of beaux and could decline or accept indifferently any invitation, while I had to horde my precious few, and lived always in fear that I would be left out after all. And now I'm married and you're more indifferent than ever to your admirers. And to your invitations, too. You can't expect them to last always, though. You must be nearly twenty-seven?"

"I'm twenty-eight. They're already on the wane."

"Why don't you marry, then?"

"Whom?"

"Any of them. There's enough to choose from, I'm sure. They're all nice. There's John. Couldn't you like John?"

"I do like John—quite well."

"But couldn't you like him well enough to marry him?"

"Don't pull my hair, please. No; I think not."

"Excuse me. Nor any of the rest of them? Tell me, Elizabeth, please, then I'll let you sleep."

Elizabeth turned on her pillow. "To love is to become enchanted," she quoted; "to marry—banish enchantment. I couldn't bear the disenchantment, Winchen. Besides, they haven't all proposed."

"But surely you've liked some of them a lot. More than the rest, anyway. Now, haven't you?"

Elizabeth looked at her a moment before speaking. Then she said: "Winchen, every woman begins with ideals. She marries—that is, if she marries—a man in whom she fancies her ideal is realized, though in most instances, she has but made her ideal correspond to the character of the man himself. I don't think she realizes that until afterwards, however. Perhaps not always then. She likes to keep up her self-delusion. Women cherish self-delusion.

Winchen's blue eyes were growing dark and troubled. "But most women do marry," she said. She had never been quite able to follow her friend. "They do marry, don't they?"

"Oh, every woman hopes hers might prove the rare exception; that it will not be a disenchantment with her, though she knows it has been so with all her friends and all her friends' friends, and all their friends, likewise. Did you ever look through a stereoscope at two pictures made one? Don't you recall the intense desire you had to take away the glasses and get nearer the objects in the pictures? They were so real through the glasses. When the glasses were removed, the pictures were not one, but two alas! small, flat and ordinary. Marriage is like that."

"But don't you think most women are responsible if they are disappointed in their husbands. If Fred shouldn't prove all I believed him to be, I should always feel that I had been in some way to blame. If he doesn't find me lovely, I'm in fault."

"That's the cherishing of the self-delusion."

"Oh, Elizabeth!"

"Well, I'll retract, and we'll let your marriage prove the one exception. Two exceptions, however, to one rule have never been known to exist, therefore——'

"But surely it need not be so, need it?"

"I do not know what need be. I know only what is. That beautiful, sympathetic, mutual understanding, that seemed so eternal, goes somehow, like the gilt and polish of one's best wedding presents; and almost as soon. It's made of unsubstantial stuff, or, more often, of no stuff at all, other than star-beams and fancies."

"But there is compensation, isn't there?"

"There may be. There's children. I've known a single, ordinary, homely child to fill the life of a heart-broken woman in more than one instance. But children are uncertain; they die or grow up and forget their parents to follow their own selfish interests."

"And did you ever love anyone, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth moved her face away from the dancing lights. "Yes; one. Long ago," she said.

"Oh, Elizabeth, tell me. And did he love you?"

"He never told me so."

"Why?"

"How can I say why. I couldn't go to him and say, 'I pine for you. Why don't you ask me to marry you?' Winchen, childie, I'm afraid you have no sense of humor. But I'm awfully sleepy, and I don't want to marry anyone."

"I know it's awfully wicked of me to keep you up, when you're so tired and it's so late, but I love to talk to you. You always talk so grand. Don't you know how we always listened at school, when you deigned to address us, though you never talked a great deal, never chattered like the rest of us. You always were more than half mind. Like Fred now. You and Fred always seemed to understand things. The night Fred asked me to marry him—" Elizabeth moved uneasily on the pillow. Winchen jumped up and adjusted the fire screen. "The night Fred asked me to marry him," she repeated, resuming her seat on the bed, "it was his last night at college, and we were walking on the old campus, and when we returned we saw you sitting on the steps. I wanted to go up and tell you, but Fred wouldn't let me. He said that you would know, that you always knew. Sometimes, I think if he had met you first—what is it dear? Oh, you're so tired, aren't you, and sleepy. You're listening with closed eyes. I'll say good night for keeps now. Sleep late in the morning. I always get up to see Fred off. He says I needn't, but I like to. Are you sure you're all comfortable?"

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night. How cold your lips are." Winchen leaned over her an instant. "Elizabeth, are you sure there is no hope for the one of long ago?"

"Quite sure. Good-night."


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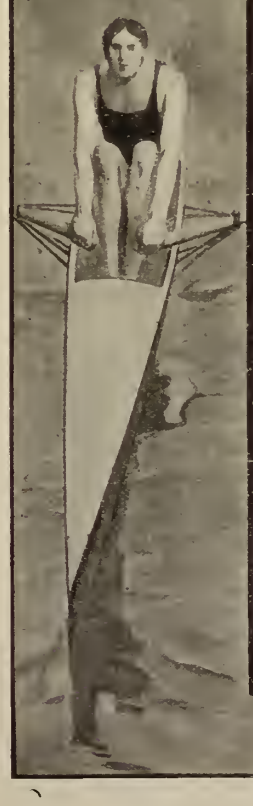

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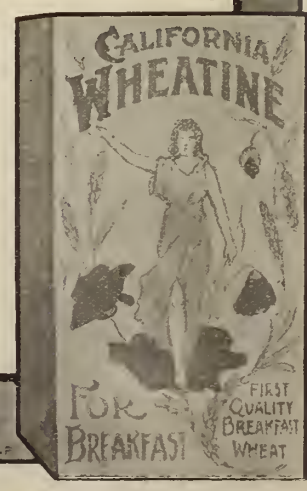

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SOPHIE E. S. GARDINER,
Editor California Ladies' Magazine.

San Francisco, Nov. 24th, 1903.

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C. H. H., M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 14, 1903.

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# Love Letters Answered

BY MADAME MINERVA.

Dear Minerva:—I attended the theater with a nice young man that I think a great deal of. The play was just lovely, and everybody admired my new hat, because it was the very latest. Well, between the acts I talked quite a while with another young man who happened to see us and took a vacant seat adjoining. My escort seemed very much put out about it, and in going home did not talk much, and he did not invite me to supper as he always did. Do you suppose that my talking with that young man made him jealous? And what shall I do, for he has not called at our house since. CLARA SHAW,

Pittsburg, Pa.

No; it made him angry. Your conduct showed that you cared very little for him. He naturally expected to enjoy your conversation, but when you showed that you preferred that of another you certainly cannot be surprised that he should seek some other lady who would not ignore him in public. You should have used more tact. There are many young fellows of his kind who are too mercenary to spend money upon a young lady but wait for some one else to take them to entertainments, and then spoil the pleasure of the young man who has paid for the tickets by just such intrusions. Write him an apology; you cannot justify your conduct by any attempted explanation.

---

Madame Minerva:—I was engaged to a young gentleman and he has broken his word—why, I cannot imagine, and I have thought about it ever so much; and mama cannot understand, either. I never refused to go with him to theaters, dances, suppers, and buggy rides, and besides, he has made me several nice presents. My Christmas present was just lovely, and cost a great deal, I suppose. He gets only $50 a month. Why do you suppose he broke the engagement after all that kindness?

MISS CLEOPATRA JONES.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The explanation is simple. You should have had the good sense to decline some of his invitations, and discourage his extravagance, since you knew that he could not afford to spend so much money. You could have enjoyed his company perhaps better at home in conversation—provided both are inclined to the cultivation of the mind. By encouraging this extravagance he has no doubt spent all the money he saved for housekeeping after marriage. Furthermore, he has learned from experience that you are extravagant; and that is the kind of a wife that a man with a salary of only $50 a month does not want. He doubtless concluded that matrimony would increase your taste for frivolous pleasures.

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My Dear Minerva:—As you are the fountain head of all wisdom, perhaps you can enlighten me as to the decision of one of our District Judges. My wife sued for divorce, and the Judge ordered me to pay $75 a month alimony, until the case is tried. Her lawyer put off the case several times, and she and her mother have gone East on the money I paid her. They evidently do not want the case tried, as long as I pay the money. I refused to pay last month and the Judge threatened to send me to jail. Can he do it? Owing to this suit, my landlord has obtained judgment against me for house-rent in the same Court. I cannot pay it, and the Judge does not threaten to send me to jail in this case. Why is it? If he has the legal right in one case, he certainly has in the other?

DESERTED HUSBAND.

San Francisco. Cal.

The Judge can send you to jail unless you pay the alimony, and no doubt will do it. He construes a refusal as a contempt of Court. Though why it is more of a contempt to refuse to pay alimony than in the other case, we cannot understand. The alimony was granted on the hearing of your wife's statement, only. Your side of the case will be heard when the case comes to trial—if it ever should. The judgment for house rent was given after both sides had been heard. Under the law a person cannot be imprisoned for debt. That is why the Judge did not order you to jail in that case. The granting of alimony also constitutes a debt, and the Judges seem to think non-payment a contempt of Court in one case, and not in the other. Employ a well-informed lawyer and request him to raise the constitutionality of the point. You may lose the case, but then you will be a martyr, and thousands of husbands who are wearing the same yoke will thank you.

---

Dear Minerva:—I am engaged to a young lady whom I love very much. She insists that her mother, sister, and little brother shall live with us after we are married. She has two grown brothers, one of whom is married. Why can't the mother and her children live with one of these men. Her daughter-in-law may object, but then the unmarried one can remain in their house and take care of them. I made this suggestion, but she insists upon living with us. My salary is not sufficient to support them. I love Sadie, but she insists upon having her mother and the children with us. Sometimes, I think that I will break the engagement, if she insists. I told her that I did not wish to marry the family, and she got mad. What shall I do about it?

J. A. R., Salem, Oregon.

There is no reason why a husband should suport his mother-in-law and her children. That duty devolves upon her older sons. It has become a custom, and, as a rule, the comfort and the finances of the husband are not considered by the mother-in-law, looks mainly after her own pleasures. In their haste to marry thousands of young men never look forward to this complex problem. In studying the subject you have shown that love has not upset your reason as is too frequently the case. Much has been written upon this question, but there seems to be no solution. Each individual must act according to his judgment. We should advise you to marry the young lady and change your residence to another state—provided she consents to accompany you. It is the duty of the wife to accompany her husband to the home that he provides for her, as he is in duty bound to support her. If she really loves you, she will do this. If she still refuses, it is very plain that her mothers' advice predominates her love for you.

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Dear Editor:—I do not like to trouble you so much, but I should like to have your advice. I went to a dance with a young gentleman. His first name is Clyde. Don't you think that is an awful pretty name? We are not exactly engaged, but would have been only for that lover's quarrel that always happens. He don't dance, and that's the trouble. I went to a ball with him, and gave him the Grand March instead of the first dance as is customary, because he can't. When he asked me for promenades between dances, I pleaded fatigue—the usual excuse. But, and I must say it, I did promenade with another young man and Clyde saw us. He passed by us and asked me if I was so very much fatigued. That was awful cruel, wasn't it? Should I write to him, and what should I tell him in explanation?

SADIE ———,

Portland, Oregon.

P. S.—I forgot to say that he has not called at our house since.

Yours is another case that cannot be satisfactorily explained. Write him an apology. While he will no doubt accept it, he will still feel that you prefer the society of the other young man. Had you said that you were engaged each time he asked you for a promenade, he may not have been the wiser. We do not recommend this duplicity, but it is permissable in some social circles.

---

Miss Minerva:—I like two young gentlemen a great deal. One is rich, and the other is only in moderate circumstances. If I marry the rich one, he will give me everything I want, and I shall go to Europe, because I want to go ever so much, and mama, too. I like the other young man better, but, then—and you must know what a woman means when she writes a dash? And, besides, mother advises me to marry the rich one so that we can all go to Europe together. I just know we should enjoy Paris—it must be lovely? What should you advise me to do? CONSTANCE.

San Jose, California.

You take it for granted, that you can marry either you wish. You do not seem to think that the rich young man can see through your artfulness. Marry the poor young man, if you really love him the best. Your choice will effect your own happiness, and your mother should consider this in preference to her own desire for display and extravagance. Act according to the dictates of your heart. You can be happy without going to Europe—a great many people are. Usually, a mother's advice should be followed, but in this instance it seems to be purely mercenary. Be constant, as your name signifies.

---

Mrs. X.: I want your advice and will do just as you say. Tell me what can be done by me to make my hair grow stronger and to keep away the gray hairs?

For you and the other correspondents there is this advice about gray hair:

Wet the finger tips in cold water and massage the scalp, picking it up in little pinches until the roots are completely agitated. On alternate nights rub a little pure olive oil into the roots, using little oil and just enough to moisten the roots.

---

Mrs. K.:Tell me about electrolysis. Is it expensive, and is it painful?

It is generally regared as expensive, though it is not necessarily painful.

---

Mrs. L.. How can I darken my eyes?

I know of no way to darken the eyes. You might lightly pencil the rims.

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# Questions *and* Answers

G. R.: My skin is all spotted with blackheads that are so deep I have to pinch them out. This leaves holes in the skin, which immediately fill up black again.

For blackheads try hot water and plenty of soap jelly.

Heat the skin as hot as possible by applying hot water cloths. Now rub cold cream or skin food into the face. Wash off with hot water, using a great many waters, so as to take off all the skin food. A little benzoinated cold cream can now be applied

—o—

J. G. D.:—Why is it that I have a crooked mouth? One side of my mouth is a great deal higher and wider than the other. This gives my face a queer look. Will massage cure it.

Massage will not do much for your mouth. You had better see if you have any missing teeth, for this often causes a crooked face. Have the spaces filled with artificial teeth, either bridged or pivoted, and in a little while your mouth will straighten.

—o—

G. F.: You spoke of cosmetic dentistry. Can you tell me what it is?

Cosmetic dentistry is the term that is now applied to that branch of dentistry which devotes itself to the bettering the appearance of the mouth. Little gold is used, as every effort is made to use enamel restorations, which look exactly like the natural teeth.

—o—

B. N.: I am troubled with a bunyon. Is there a cure for it?

A bunyon is caused by a dislocated toe joint. Have the joint set and the bunyon will get well. There is no other perfectly sure and permanent cure.

—o—

C. B.: I eat little, yet I constantly increase in weight. I am fond of a good drink of water, and nothing in the world takes the place of water with me. Do you think that water makes one fat?

There is no question but that water adds to the weight. It puts fat on more quickly than food, as it feeds the tissues which make the fat. Water is really absorbed by the system, and water drinkers, as well as beer drinkers, are fat. And, by the way, beer is largely made of water.

—o—

Mrs. J. U.. "Is there a way of reducing the weight without dieting?"

Several have written to know how they can reduce without suffering the pangs of starvation. Prize fighters eat great meals, yet they reduce by exercise. It takes a long time to reduce in that way.

—o—

"Nervous" asks for a bath lotion. Here is something nice, though expensive: Extract of jonquil, 1 oz.; extract of orris, 1 oz.; extract of roses, ½ oz.; attar of citronella, ½ dr.; attar of verbena, ½ dr.; orange water, 1 pint; alcohol, 1 pint.

—o—

Mrs. T. desires a remedy for corns. Bathe the feet every night in hot water. When nearly dry and still warm rub vaseline into them. Use little vaseline and rub until all is absorbed.

—o—

Mrs. A says: "I have ridges on my thumb nails. Tell me how to make the nails smooth again?"

Ridges on the nails begin to appear in middle life. The nails can be kept young looking if you rub cold cream into them every night. Be careful not to injure the cuticle when using the orange wood stick.

—o—

Miss No Name says: "I removed superfluous hair upon the face by pulling them out and applying ammonia."

—o—

An Oregon woman writes: "Can you give me something to reduce my abdomen?"

There are three ways, diet, exercise and massage. The last can be done with the massage roller.

—o—

Lock of Hair: You should shampoo your hair to bring out the luster. Take one ounce of powdered castile soap, one ounce of borax, two tablespoonfuls of alcohol, the beaten yolk of one egg and one pint of warm water.

Mrs. Y. complains of a red nose. It is due to disordered circulation. Eat good, plain food. Wear your clothing loose and do not take much meat.

—o—

A young woman says: "I have straight hair, in spite of my efforts to make it curl. Can you give a curling fluid?"

Take powdered borax, one half-ounce; gum arabic, fifteen grains; spirits of camphor, three drams; warm water, eight ounces. Dissolve in the warm water and when cool add camphor. Moisten the hair with the lotion and roll on curlers.

—o—

Sample Lock: Your hair is blonde colored, or blonde brown. You can make it brighter by using this shampoo mixture: Beat up the yolks of six eggs, rub through the hair, then moisten with a bowlful to which a teaspoonful of borax has been added. Put a pinch of borax in each rinsing water and have one of the rinsing waters quite warm..

—o—

An elderly woman asks for a tonic for gray hair to stimulate the roots and prevent it from becoming whiter.

Take a small bar of white castile soap and dissolve in a quart of boiling water, boil down to one pint; when cool add one pint of bay rum, one teaspoonful of borax, thirty grains of bisulphate of quinine. Use a tablespoonful or two as a shampoo, but be sure to rinse the hair well.

Mrs. Nettie Harrison's Hair Restorer is the best remedy on the coast.

—o—

Sufferer complains of a bad breath. Several other readers have also written for a remedy

Try this: Myrrh powder, one-half ounce; borax powder, one-half ounce; red saunders, one-half ounce; sugar, one-half ounce; cologne water, three ounces; alcohol, nine ounces; water, four and one-half ounces. Mix, let stand four and one-half ounces. Use as a gargle. Let your druggist put it up for you to avoid mistake.

—o—

Mrs X. writes: "My teeth bleed and bother me."

Better consult a dentist. I have heard this highly recommended as a tooth and mouth rinse: Soap bark, one ounce; orris, coarse powder, one-fourth ounce; borax, one ounce; sachcharin, five grains; oil of peppermint, one-half dram; water, nine ounces, glycerine, one ounce; alcohol, six ounces. Let stand a week; strain. Better let your druggist put it up for fear of mistakes.

—o—

Aunt Eliza requests a perfume to fill a number of fancy bottles.

For this the following is nice: Extract of rose, one ounce; extract of jasmine, one ounce; orange flower water, one ounce; extract of vanilla, one ounce; rose water, one quart.

—o—

Mrs. Q: I have tried peroxide of hydrogen for superfluous hair on my face, but does not kill the roots of the hair.

No. Peroxide does not kill the hair. In fact, it makes it grow. But it bleaches it light, so that it is less noticeable. If you mix a little ammonia in with the peroxide the ammonia will gradually kill the constitution of the hair, making it die. Beyara is also recommended.

—o—

Mrs. T.: Where can I purchase a bottle of your eyebrow grower? I would pay anything to get it.

Make it yourself. It is not for sale, and this is the only way of getting it. If your eyebrows are thin and scraggy, take a 5-cent bottle of red vaseline and melt it in a double boiler. Thin it with pure almond oil until it is about the consistency of cream. Apply at night with a camel's hair brush.

—o—

H. G.: My neck is yellow from wearing an open lace waist all summer in the sun. Can you advise a bleaching cream?

They say that lanolin, with a little peroxide of hydrogen mixed in, will bleach the skin snow white. You might try it.

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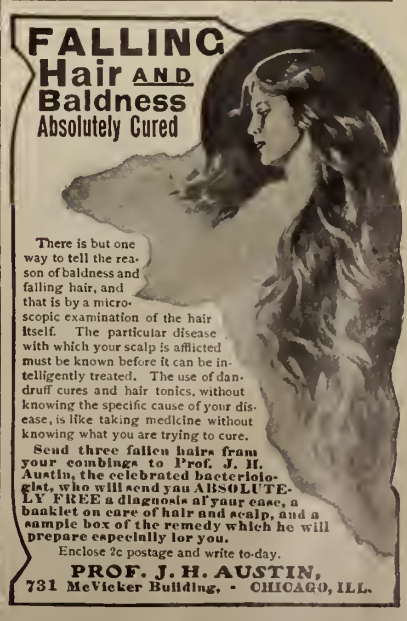


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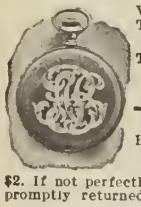

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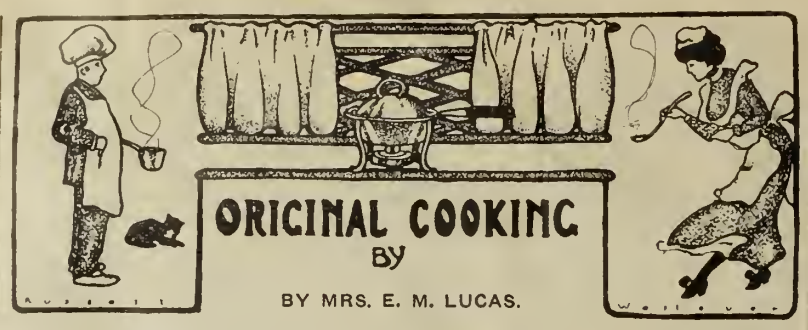


# ABOUT SAUCES

Women might as well recognize, at the beginning, that eating is from necessity one of the chief concerns of life, and that bad cooking is the cause of innumerable evils. It was Charles Lamb who confessed that he was "impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless." This may be a purely physical form of pleasure, but very human and possibly other men will agree with Charles Lamb. Cookery must accommodate itself in many ways to the ages, conditions and fortunes of the people, and certain materials also being given it is the duty of the cook to produce the full value of those materials in her skilled result. The habit of putting food products together by guess, in the hope that it will come out right is to be condemned. The housewife should study the action of heat and moisture, the chemical actions, the processes of disintegration and fermentation and the combination of foods; always bearing in mind that perfect cookery is the greatest economy and that no cookery is rational that does not attain the utmost nutrition from its consumption.

Sauces, even the finest may be made a matter of agreeable economy. The use of these is one of the distinguishing tests that mark the difference between a good cook and an ordinary one, because when she has mastered the art of sauce making the menu can be varied in an infinite variety of ways, as little odds and ends of left over may be converted into palatable dishes.

Melted or drawn butter sauce is the foundation for a large number of sauces, but let the sauce be of a smooth creamy consistency, be delicately flavored, and above all be well cooked. The first essential is a perfectly clean smooth sauce pan. In this blend perfectly a tablespoon of flour and a tablespoon of butter. Where well mixed place over hot water and add very gradually half a pint of boiling water, stirring until the liquid is all added and the sauce boils; add one level teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Be very careful not to allow the sauce to burn, which it is very apt to do if placed over hot coals or in a hot stove, for the scorched flavor will be in the sauce and no amount of outside flavors will cure the defect, as both butter and flour absorb odors and flavors most persistently. If a larger quantity is wanted, use more flour, butter and water.

Just before serving an additional tablespoon of butter is added, and allowed to melt in the hot sauce. This avoids heating the water to such a high temperature, which destroys the fresh buttery flavor so highly esteemed by the epicure.

To this sauce many additions may be made. Two tablespoons of chopped capers and a table spoon of their liquid transfers the plain sauce into a caper sauce. Some palates prefer the addition of a few spoonsful of finely chopped parsley and a suspicion of onion juice. The onion juice is obtained by rubbing a cut onion in a coarse grater. For a mushroom sauce add half a cupful of peeled mushrooms, that have been sauted in a tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of lemon juice, a tiny pinch of mace and if wanted extra rich half a cup of cream or rich milk. Or add to the white sauce half a pint of oysters, a tablespoon of chopped parsley and a tablespoon of lemon juice, let come to a boil and serve at once or the oysters will toughen. For boiled beef add a tablespoon of grated fresh horseradish, a little parsley and onion juice to the plain sauce.

Three onions peeled, boiled and rubbed through a sieve, added to the sauce with a tablespoon of chopped parsley and one bay leaf is good. Celery or green peas may be substituted for the onions.

These sauces are to be served with boiled meats and fowl, croquettes and with various vegetables. Chopped or sliced hard boiled eggs, a little lemon juice and parsley changes the plain sauce to an egg sauce, good with fish.

For an orange sauce, to serve with game or fat meat, such as pork or goose, add to a pint of drawn butter, a teaspoon of celery salt, one gill of orange juice, two leaves of sweet basil and a tablespoon of parsley, chopped fine.

All of these sauces are enriched and improved in flavor by the addition of two or three tablespoons of sweet cream, and for special occasions whip the cream, the result is a delicate foamy sauce. Add the cream after removing the sauce from the fire and just before serving.

Tomato sauce is another most useful sauce, the cook who can cook a well-flavored one is never at a loss when called upon to produce a dish in a hurry, as canned tomatoes can be utilized, and it is a sauce that may be served with any dish from fish to vegetables, and it is capable of great variations. It gives a dish of croquettes a piquant flavor; cutlets put on frills when served with a creamy tomato puree; slices of rare roast meat simply heated in a tomato sauce is a good dish. But do not make the mistake of boiling the meat in the sauce which only toughens the fibres. Or one may broil the meat over hot coals, place it on a dsh and pour over the hot sauce. Boiled rice, placed in layers with tomato sauce, and heated in a brisk oven is good for luncheon, and all know its merits when served with macaroni.

To make a tomato sauce slice a small onion and a small carrot. Brown in a tablespoon of butter, then add two level tablespoons of flour; half a pint each of water and tomato pulp, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, one bay leaf, two cloves, a teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Let it just simmer for ten minutes, strain and serve. A tablespoon of orange juice gives a new flavor, likewise the addition of a tablespoon of grated celery. Some palates like the rich taste a few spoonfuls of grated cheese gives, and again a bit of chopped thyme changes the character of the sauce. The secret in producing a good sauce is to proportion the flavorings, let no one flavor predominate, and do not overpower a sauce by too much spices and flavorings. This question of seasoning has become a fine art, no less, save perhaps in degree of skill required, than the harmonious blending of colors.

Flour is the alpha and omega of the average cooks' knowledge of thickening, but for a creamy compound a liaison of egg yolks and cream is to be commended. As for instance place a cupful of veal or chicken stock in a sauce pan, add a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a few grains of salt, and a dash of cayenne. Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick, add half a cup of rich milk or thin cream. When the contents of the saucepan have reached the boiling point, add the eggs and milk, remove from the fire at once, stir a few minutes, add a tablespoon of butter. When this has melted serve with boiled or panned fowl, or boiled veal, fish or with boiled vegetables.

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# CALIFORNIA FLOWERS IN DECORATION

BY GAVIN DOUGLAS

VIOLET.

There are many pretty flowers in California which make beautiful designs for embroidery work. Their principal charm lies in their pure, delightful fragrance. There is not a prettier ornament for the home, especially as designs for embroidery, than the flowers of California. Women and children are close observers of flowers, and love them. This appreciation shows a refined taste for and an appreciation of all that is beaut'ful in Nature. To the coarse, the flower possesses no beauty—they deem it scarcely worth a glance. The flower

HOLLY.

plays a great part in the world in beautifying it, gratifying the esthetic sense, in serving the models for the artist, to the ladies for useful and ornamental decorations, and especially for embroidery work. There is no ornamental employment that yields the same amount of pleasure and even profit with so little expenditure of time. It cultivates a taste for the beautiful, enlarges the mind, makes the home appear more cheerful and refined, and gives it an artistic individuality.

Owing to its varied climate and topography, California has a rich and

JONQUIL.

beautiful flora, perhaps unsurpassed by any other section in the United States. They are celebrated throughout the country for their beauty and the profusion of their growth. They grow wild in the woods, on the mesa, and seashore, in the deep, cool canyons, in glacier meadows, on the dry hill-slopes, on mountain tops, in the marsh and the woodland, and by stream and lake. Though flowers grow in delightful confusion throughout the state, the extent of our flora is yet unknown. The ladies of the State, in their respective districts, are making

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

efforts to preserve the wild flowers from destruction at the hands of vandals.

The California Poppy, or Toroso, which is also known to the Spaniards as Copa de Oro, is one of the prettiest flowers in California. It is cultivated in many parts of the world, but in this State it is seen in its greatest purity and unsurpassed beauty. The name "Poppy" does not properly belong to it, but was grafted on the more descriptive Spanish name, Copa de Oro, meaning a cup of gold, which the flower resembles. This golden cup is a very pretty design for embroidery work, and is perhaps more used than

MIGNONETTE.

any other. It has been adopted by California as the "State Flower." Its brilliant blossoms cover the earth as a carpet of gold, and it grows in luxuriant profusion throughout the State. It revels in the sunshine, unfolding its tightly rolled petals as the morning's rays beam upon them. There are several varieties of the Poppy, each bearing the name of the locality where it grows. The Matilija, named from a tribe of Indians that lived in the mountains near Santa Barbara, makes a very pretty design with its large white flowers, which unfurl to the

TULIP.

morning sun, exhaling a pleasant fragrance. The White and the "Mission" Poppy are also pretty for designs in embroidering.

The tulip is also a pretty design for this work. Of the several designs, perhaps the Mariposa is the most attractive. It is a deep lemon color, and has smaller flowers than any other variety, but is charmingly pretty. The "Butterfly" is the prettiest of the variety of tulips. It is the largest flowered, some measuring six inches across, and are formed like a broad base cup. It blooms in abundance and its golden cups are very beautiful. They make a pretty landscape

BUTTERCUP.

view, and which is specially well adapted to embroidery work.

The rose makes a pretty design in embroidery, and is the prettiest model for all decorative work. The Summer rose is the queen of all flowers. It is one of the few that blooms through the long summer days, lavishing its beautiful clusters along the dusty wayside and the plains. In the autumn the blossoms are more luxuriant, and it grows until the Christmas rose blooms, which then reigns until March, when hybrids in various shades of red appear, and still another with dark-veined petals and graceful leaves.

MARGUERITE.

Throughout the year roses are blooming in California, and the ladies who engage in the light, pleasant and beautiful work of embroidering are never without models.

The Wallflower is a pretty design for scroll-work. As its name indicates, it grows along the dead walls and the sea cliffs, and it thus forms figures suggestive to the mind of the artist.

The Forget-me-not is a wild and pretty flower. It is pure white. The California Spaniards gave it the name of "Nieve"—snow. Its principal charm

TEA ROSES.

lies in its delightful fragrance, but all are excellent for fine models.

The Primrose is an interesting plant. Its flat rosette of leaves sometimes measure a foot across, and are thickly sown with bright golden flowers. It grows in such profusion that on one plant is sometimes found a hundred blossoms and buds. The flowers have a sweet freshness which makes them even more attractive and desirable for home ornament.

The Mignonette is tall with lance-shaped leaves, its flower is a greenish white, and it blossoms all summer.

The Chrysanthemum is seen in nearly every door-yard, and the sev-

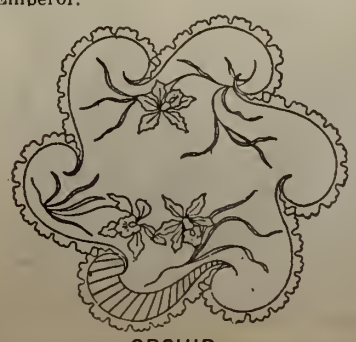
PRIM ROSE.

eral varieties are pretty for decorations. The yellow flower has a golden tint.

The violet is especially a pretty design for embroidering. It grows on the edge of the wood where sunlight and shadow are mixed, thus giving its tints a very beautiful hue. The purple, or blue, is also decorative.

The Orchid is a "showy" flower, well adapted for models, and makes pretty designs.

Other designs are the Apple Blossom and the Orange Blossom. The latter is a favorite with brides, and was first worn as a bridal wreath by the daughter of an ancient Chinese Emperor.



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# THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

You have all read the Declaration of Independence, I suppose. It is printed on fine type in the back of the Child's History, and at the top of the names signed at the end to show how they wrote them Is John Hancock's big and bold, the way a person would write if he were doing it with a burnt match. Papa used to gather us together in the parlor after breakfast every Fourth of July and read us parts of it and explain the long words, so that we would understand what the Fourth of July was really for—that it wasn't just to burn holes in your clothes, and frighten horses, and leave stubs of firecrackers on the sidewalk that don't get swept off for days. When we children came to have our own revolution against the governess that time mamma and papa went away to be gone two days, we knew just how to go about It; and we wrote a Declaration of Independence, copying it after the real true one, and then we all signed our names at the bottom with big flourishes, the way John Hancock and the others did.

We thought with all our preparation success was sure, just as the patriots of '76 were successful as the reward of their daring, but alas!

Our governess' name was Georgiana—Georgiana Saunders—which made it all the more appropriate, because the name of the King about whom the original Declaration was written was George, as you probably know.

When we got the Declaration done, it was something like this—some of the language we took from the book and some we made up ourselves:

When in the course of human events It becomes necessary for something to be done about it, and we can't stand it any longer. The history of our present governess is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations. To prove this let the facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. She makes us brush our teeth twice a day, which is unnecessary as well as wasteful.
2. She won't let us lay books face downwards, and so you lose the place and are a long time finding it when you come back.
3. She objects if you make a fork in your mashed potatoes.
4. She won't let us breathe on the window and write with our fingers days when it rains.
5. We can't have butter and sugar on our rice, only milk and sugar.
6. She notices, and makes us go back to look where we've made finger marks on the white paint.
7. We have to make our own beds, and then, if there is a wrinkle, or it isn't done right, we have to do it all over again.
8. She's just awful, every way you can think of.

We, therefore, do solemnly publish and declare that we are and by right ought to be free and independent, and that our mother and our father went away this morning and will not be back until tomorrow evening, and that she is not our mother and our father, never has been and never will be, and that we mean to do as we please, and that we have full right to levy war and also do all other acts and things. And to this we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

(Signed):

ARTHUR L. BAINBRIDGE (that's me),
MARJORIE BAINBRIDGE,
HESTER B. BAINBRIDGE,
CHARLES W. BAINBRIDGE,
GREGORY BAINBRIDGE, his x mark.

And we brought in Rex—he a mixture of an English mastiff and a Siberian bloodhound—and we inked his paw, and made him step on the paper just below Gregory's name. And then we drew a circle around it and wrote "Rex, his mark." Then Maida, the collie dog, had to come in, too, and pretty soon there was a mark about the size of a hot-house violet, just below where Rex had printed a big black carnation-shaped thing with his lordly paw. Spotty, the cat, was the best of all; she upset the ink bottle on the nursery carpet, and go ran right across the paper, so her name was in several places. Charley (who wrote it) was sort of mad at first—said it spoiled the looks of the paper, and it would have to be written all over, but we told him it showed how interested and enthusiastic Spotty was.

Then Marjorie got her sealing wax, and took a piece of red silk ribbon and made a kind of bow out of it

with long streaming ends; and we put a seal down in the lower left hand corner. And when it was all finished it was a work of art. Then the question was, What should we do with it?

"Let us put it at her plate at breakfast," suggested Hester.

"Better send it through the mail," said Marjorie. "She won't dare to say anything to the postman.

"Pin it on her door," said Charley.

"No," I said, "that won't do. The original Declaration was read out loud—I know, 'cause I asked papa. They read it out loud, and then they rang a big bell till it cracked.

"Well, who's going to be the one to read it?" asked Charlie.

"We'll draw lots," I said.

And we did with little pieces of string; and the lot fell to me. It always happens that way—the one who plans a thing not only has to do all the thinking, but he has to go and carry out his own idea while the other people stand and look on, or maybe even make fun of him.

"You'll all have to go with me, anyway," I said. I'll read it outside her door at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, and when I get through you must all raise a mighty shout, like the people did outside the palace of the King at the time of the French Revolution, and you must yell 'Down with the tyrantess! Off with her head!' and things like that, and Gregory is to have the servants' dinner bell and ring like mad; and then all the rest of the day we're going to do just as we please, and if she calls we won't come, no matter how loud she hollers."

The rest all thought it was a bully idea, but Charley said:

"Hadn't we better do it after breakfast? Because it's griddle-cakes to-morrow morning, and we mightn't get any."

So we decided to start in being revolutionists after-breakfast instead of before. After breakfast, while we're supposed to be upstairs making our beds, Miss Saunders sits in the library for about half an hour, reading the morning papers, and that would be a good chance to read the declaration to her.

All through breakfast the next morning we were awfully glum and nervous. Before we got to the griddle cakes, I forgot and left my spoon in my chocolate, and my arm went against it quite accidentally, and the whole cup got spilled on Hester, just as she was stooping to pick up a piece of toast, and went all over the back of the gulmpe of her dress. And Miss Saunders swallowed whatever she put in her mouth in a great hurry, and took off her eyeglasses and pushed her chair back from the table a little and just looked at us. And then she said in that awfully quiet voice that is twice as mad as when a person lets out a yell:

"Arthur, how often have I told you never to leave your spoon in your cup? This is the second time within a week that this has occurred; you may go up in your room and remain there until I come."

I didn't know what to do, because if I went upstairs then it would knock our plan of reading the Declaration in the head. And while I was rolling up my napkin as slowly as I could, trying to think what I should do, her voice broke in:

"Come, Arthur, I am waiting."

Then I put my napkin down and stood up in my chair. Her eyes nearly bulged out of her head at that, because of all the forbidden things in the house, standing on any of the chairs but the ones in the kitchen and the playroom is about the forbiddenest.

"Why, you—you bad little boy, you!" she gasped. "Arthur, I don't understand."

But I just pulled the Declaration of Independence out of my pocket and began to read. I read all the things that she would not let us do, and was just getting to the place where it said we meant to do as we pleased till mamma and papa came home. I hadn't been looking at her, because it was as much as I could do to make out Charles' writing. And, ( besides, some of the things, when you came to read them out loud to the person they were intended for, sounded pretty dreadful—particularly where it said, "She's just awful every way you can think of," my cheeks felt kind of hot when I got to those places, and I let my voice down and hurried over them as fast as I could. She must have come behind me when I was trying to make out some of the hard words, which I don't think—and the others all agreed with me afterwards—was quite a fair advantage to take. And she used to be on the basket-ball team when she was in college, and she was awfully strong. It is no disgrace to be overpowered by such a strong person, and carried upstairs, and locked in your room—and then to be told through the keyhole that you are to stay there until you are sorry. I suppose that is the way George the Third would have treated John Hancock if he could.

### A MODERN MONTE CRISTO.

Monte Cristo's escape from the sack in which he was flung into the sea from the Chateau d'If was imitated a few years ago by an ingenious Persian. Having incurred the displeasure of a high functionary in Shiraz, Mohammed Mirza was condemned to be fastened up in a sack with a viper, a cock and a cat, and after an hour's time, when this happy family had improved their acquaintance, the sack and its contents were to be thrown into the river. Fortunately for Mohammed Mirza his executioners forgot to search his pocket, which contained a small knife. Directly the mouth of the sack was closed upon him and his companions he cut in half the viper, which was already encircling his leg, the cock and the cat were next dispatched, and our Persian occupied the remainder of his hour by simulating a violent fight of the three animals and giving forth the most excruciating cries of agony. In due time sack and all were consigned to the water, and then Mohammed Mirza, speedily freeing himself from the bag, gained the other side of the river and came post haste to Europe, for the future a voluntary exile from his fatherland.

### A GILDED SHILLING.

At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bags, but, so many old buttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in, it was decided to try "plates" instead. The first Sunday the usual number of coppers and threepenny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable. On Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another came with the same. "Oh, I am so sorry, but I put a sovereign into the plate yesterday by mistake. Could I have it, as I really cannot afford it?" "What?" said the vicar; "you are the fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling!"

### GUESSING AT JUSTICE.

Representative Kitchin, of North Carolina, relates an amusing story of an old justice of the peace in his country. It seems that two young attorneys were trying a case before him. After the argument had followed the testimony of the witnesses and the case was closed, the old fellow, awakening from deep reveries into which he had fallen, said, addressing one of the lawyers: "You know, Hank, I gave you the decision in the last two cases, so I will give this one to Tom. You can't expect to get them all."

### HE "SAVED HIS FACE."

In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles tells of a very stingy Chinaman who took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the sitter indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

### A MISER'S LAST WISH.

A Greek died in the small town of Caracal, having always lived on the alms of his compatriots. Before dying he made his wife swear that she would bury him in the dirty old overcoat which he wore every day. The poor woman had to ask the Greeks of Caracal to help her to provide the costs of the funeral. A good-hearted Greek went to see her in her affliction and, pointing to the body, said he would give her a better coat to bury the man in. Then she told him of the dead man's last wish. The Greek, whose suspicions were awakened, told her that she should certainly not part with the body before she had well examined the coat, for there must be some particular reason for the request. The widow unpicked the lining of the overcoat and found 35,000 francs in bank notes which the miser wished to take into the grave with him.

# Modern Etiquette for Ladies

At an afternoon party, where music is specially mentioned in the invitation, you expect that it shall be something worth listening to. Sometimes the guests are seated round the room, and music is performed from time to time, so as not entirely to supersede conversation. Sometimes the affair is a more formal one, and the music is performed in an inner drawing-room, or a temporary platform is erected, the audience being arranged in rows of seats facing the performers, much as they would at a concert. Programs are usually distributed, and the concert is divided into two parts. Refreshments are served in the dining-room, and consist of tea and coffee, claret-cup, fruit and ices. The table is usually placed very near the wall, just leaving room for the servants at the back of it, so as to leave the room pretty clear for the people who come in and out.

Afternoon theatricals are managed on exactly the same principle as "matinee musicales." The visitors keep on their bonnets, just as they would at an ordinary At Home. Refreshments are served in the dining room after the performance. They are usually a little more varied than at a musical party. During the Christmas holidays a good many children are invited to these entertainments, and there is a good deal of attention paid to the sweet department.

An afternoon dance ought never to be made too formal. It is not proper to have a number of costly decorations, such as are only suitable to a ball, and tollettes should be smart, but not over done. Neat boots, nice gloves, a compact costume, and a bonnet or hat that will not get easily disarranged—these are all the points that require to be thought of in the direction of dress. It is usual to draw the window curtains if the dance is given in town, and the dancing room is lighted by wax candles. The refreshments are served on a buffet in the dining-room, and the gentlemen take the ladies down between the dances. The guests are offered tea on their arrival and afterwards shown into the drawing-room. Tea and coffee, lemonade and claret-cup, are the beverages offered, and cakes and bread and butter the only edibles. Quadrilles are never danced at these informal parties, nothing but waltzing is indulged in, with possibly an occasional polka. It is unnecessary to remark that the dancing is always kept studiously quiet on these ocasions, for too spirited dancing in daylight is apt to have the appearance of a romp.

* * *

People do not always write letters when they send a wedding present. It is less formal to place the card of the giver inside the packet, with some little message of love or good wishes written upon it, in accordance with the degree of intimacy existing between the giver and the recipient. The bride-elect must be careful to acknowledge the gift at once, as many a girl has lost a friend through an omission of this character. The week before a wedding is so overcrowded with events that an oversight at such a time might be pardoned; but negligence is a thing that most people find hard to forgive, and it would be sad for a bride to lose a friend upon the threshold of her new life from having neglected such a trivial observance.

# Hints From Our Beauty Doctor

Miss T.—What do you advise as a daily lotion for keeping the skin smooth?

For this purpose there is nothing as good as gool old cream thinned with almond oil until it is creamy. Heat and stir in the oil. Beat with an egg beater until it is cold. Add a few drops of perfume. It will keep indefinitely and should be used at night as a massage cream. Rub it into the skin thoroughly before going to bed.

Miss T.—My skin is rough. I have been told that Patti used no water on her face for years. What do you think of water as a cosmetic?

Water has no equal as a cosmetic. Unless you wash your face daily with hot water and soap you will not have a clean skin. A certain woman who automobiles a great deal, getting dust into her face, makes a business of lathering her face with a gentleman's shaving brush daily. She washes off the lather with hot water.

Mrs. H.: How can I remove liver spots from my face?

Liver spots mean liver trouble. Take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in hot water before each meal. Do not have the water hot enough to injure the lining of the stomach, however.

H. D.: My neck and arms are dark and yellow. I am told you can bleach them white and nice.

Peroxide of hydrogen rubbed into cold cream will bleach the neck and arms snow white.

Miss T.: Is lemon juice good for the skin? I have heard that it is not good to use much of it.

Lemon juice, like many other acids, is quite a whitener. It should be diluted with water one-half. When applied to the skin it can be washed off quickly so as not to injure the texture.

U. F. G.: I tried your strawberry lotion for brunettes as long as strawberries lasted, but now that they are gone what can I do? My face was a lovely delicate pink while I used the berries.

You will have to wait till the berries come again, unless you are fortunate enough to know some one who has some of the berries canned without a great deal of sugar, merely preserved in their own juice, in which case they make a good lotion.

Mrs. M.: I am told that pineapple is a great antiseptic and is good for throat troubles, especially in the cases of young children.

It is true that pineapple juice is regarded as a good medicine and antiseptic. But be careful. There are those to whom the juice of pineapple acts as a rank poison. Others cannot eat strawberries. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Remember that.

A reader asks for several prescriptions for removing superfluous hair.

There is the powdered pumice. There is the salve stock which pulls the hair out by the roots. The electric needle can be applied either by a specialist or at home by yourself.

Mrs. L. writes: I walk until I am exhausted, and go without eating until I am faint. Yet my weight continues to increase. What can I do?

"You are already doing too much. Do not go out without eating, but try to eat the right things. One reader said she went without eating entirely for a whole day, but ate twice as much the next day. This is perfectly natural. Try filling up on fruit, but be sure that the fruit agrees with you. Strawberries poison some people, others cannot digest apples and there are those who cannot touch bananas.

Miss G.: My hair is so fine and so straight that I cannot dress it becomingly. Give me your advice. I would like to wear it in a waved pompadour.

You can do so. Shampoo your hair well and dry thoroughly. Do it up in metallic curlers and leave up over night. Next morning have an assistant press the curlers with a warm iron until the hair is perfectly dry. The trouble with fine hair is that it holds the moisture too long. It must be as dry as a bone or it will not curl.

Miss T.: I am immense around the hips, though not unusually stout elsewhere.

For the reduction of the hips exercise is best. Bicycling is good and you can place an exerciser in your own room into which a bicycle will fit.


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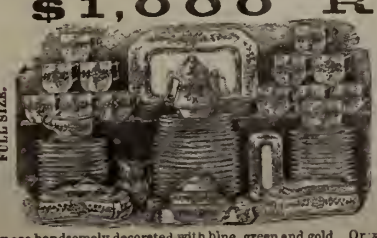

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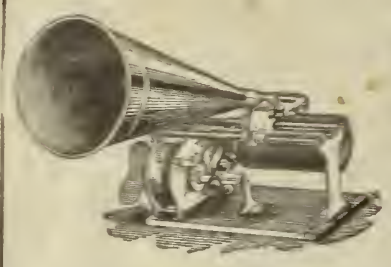

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# California Fruits in Decoration

BY WILLIAM S. RICE

For China painting or pyrographic work, or for embroidery, various fruit branches with their respective foliage offer to the decorator, or the designer, tempting subjects for his delineation; especially during the summer months when the natural branches may be studied out of doors or brought into the studio. These studies if carried out in one color would be quite effective for monochrome paintings on china are always pleasing.

For pyrographic work the designs here illustrated could easily be adapted.

To those who wish to paint or embroider these designs in color, and who cannot procure the natural subjects to study from, a description of the color scheme of each subject will be given.

The olive branch is only obtainable to those who live in California or other semi-tropical countries; but the coloring is not difficult, and in many respects is similar to that in a branch of black cherries, which could be procured for reference. The leaves are a warm "olive" green on the upper side and a silvery gray green on the under side. The olives are a deep purplish

GOOSEBERRY.

black, very glossy, and the fruit which has not yet reached maturity has more of a reddish or a greenish cast in places.

A pale buff background shading to soft gray would be pleasant with any of these designs.

Strawberries are so familiar with everyone that it is not necessary to give a lengthy description of this subject, suffice to say, that the fruit will be more interesting if some are painted the color of the ripe berry and the others in various stages of ripeness, that is, in yellows, pinks and greens. The leaves are a rich warm green with a gray green on the under side.

Cherries are always interesting if carefully studied. The almost globular fruit with its depression where the stem fits in, its brilliant transparent skin, and the shining high light on its polished surface are all points to observe and render in representing this fruit. The leaves are similar in color to the strawberry foliage. In this study, too, it adds to the interest and

BLACKBERRY.

relieves the sameness of the design to represent the fruit in various stages of ripeness.

Barberries are essentially an autumn fruit: and at that season the foliage assumes various tints of yellow and russet, in connection with the sober green of midsummer.

The fruit as you will observe in the drawing, is an oval berry borne in pendant clusters. The color is a rich pink in the unripe fruit which deepens to a most brilliant scarlet as the berry reaches maturity.

It is one of the most decorative fruits to be found, and grows wild throughout the Middle Western States, although it is sometimes found in cultivation in the East.

The persimmon, dear to all boyish hearts, or rather to their palates, is another of autumn's fruits which seems rather to have been overlooked as a motive for decoration; although it possesses some of the most harmonious of color schemes in connection with its sober-colored foliage.

The local color of the fruit is a rich golden yellow shading to red orange, with pinkish high lights and purplish markings occasionally on the polished skins. Sometimes there is a pink

STRAWBERRY.

bloom overspreading the persimmon which adds much to the color effect.

The leaves of the persimmon tree in summer are a deep rich green on the upper side, while underneath they are more of a greenish gray tone. In autumn, however, the greens usually turn to dull olive and brownish tones, with an occasional blending of yellow.

Grapes are so familiar to all decorators that it is not necessary to dwell long on a description of that particular kind of fruit, yet when the fruit is just beginning to ripen it presents a range of color that begins with emerald green, then purplish green, and continues through a series of violet shades which are almost endless in their variety. Taken at that stage of ripeness the grape study will have a new interest to the decorative painter or designer.

CURRANT.

By slightly changing these designs so as to adapt them to an oval or oblong space they make charming subjects to decorate wooden trays in pyrographic work.

On the wood, water colors may be readily employed in tinting the designs: afterward shellacking them to give a polish and bring out the colors.

* * *

The wild violet grows in luxuriant profusion in the southern part of California. Its pink and yellow flowers and long, leafy stems add to its beauty. Of the several varieties the "Beard-Tongue" is perhaps the most adaptable to embroidery work and it is more "showy," the plants often spreading to the extent of two or three feet, and sending up many flower-colored wands. The undeveloped buds are of a greenish yellow, contrasting strangely with the expanded flowers and pale foliage. The "Snap-Dragon" variety is known by its pink and yellow flowers, and its long, thread-like branches. Strangely, the flower is completely closed, and the only insect or bird that can enter is the bumble-bee.

## THE MEN OF FORTY-NINE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Those brave old bricks of 'forty-nine!
What lives they lived! what deaths they died!
A thousand canyons, darkling wide
Below Sierra's slopes of pine,
Receive them now. And they who died
Along the far, dim, desert route—
Their ghosts are many. Let them keep
Their vast possessions. The Piute,
The tawny warrior, will dispute
No boundary with these. And I
Who saw them live, who felt them die,
Say, let their unplow'd ashes sleep.
Untouched by man, on plain or steep.

The bearded, sunbrown'd men who bore
The burdens of that frightful year,
Who toiled, but did not gather store,
They shall not be forgotten. Drear
And white, the plains of Shoshonee
Shall point us to that farther shore,
And long, white, shining lines of bones,
Make needless sign or white mole-stones.

The wild man's yell, the groaning wheel;
The train that moved like drifting barge;
The dust that rose up like a cloud—
Like smoke of distant battle! Loud
The great whips rang like shot, and steel
Of antique fashion, crude and large,
Flash'd back as in some battle charge.

They sought, yea, they did find their rest.
Along that long and lonesome way,
These brave men buffet'd the West
With lifted faces. Full were they
Of great endeavor. Brave and true
As stern crusader clad in steel,
They died a-field as it was fit.
Made strong with hope, they dared to do
Achievements that a host to-day
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,
Defeated at the thought of it.

What brave endeavor to endure!
What patient hope, when hope was past!
What still surrender at the last,
A thousand leagues from hope! how pure
They lived, how proud they died!
How generous with life! The wide
And gloried age of chivalry
Hath not one page like this to me.

Let all these golden days go by,
In sunny summer weather. I
But think upon my buried braves
And breathe beneath another sky;
Let beauty glide a gilded car,
And find my sundown seas afar,
Forgetful that 'tis but one grave
From eastmost to the westmost wave.

Yea, I remember! The still tears
That o'er uncoffin'd faces fell!
The final, silent, sad farewell!
God! these are with me all the years!
They shall be with me ever. I
Shall not forget. I hold a trust.
They are part of my existence. When
Swift down the shining iron track
You sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steers move by,
And men laugh loud, in mute mistrust,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust.

Mothers should learn how much sympathy means to the child. Children's troubles may seem very trivial to us, but they are very real to them. The feeling that "mother will understand" is a comforting belief to many grown up children.

## "NO ROOM WITHIN THE INN"

BY THE LATE HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

One passed in hidden, royal state
Along the streets of Bethlehem's town,
Before that Queen Immaculate
Unnumbered angels bent adown.
And yet—ah, we! She could not win
A corner in the crowded inn.

One walked beside, with footsteps slow,
To whom were pledged her stainless vows,
Whose lily-staff once bloomed to show
That matchless Lily's fitting spouse—
And yet—and yet—he could not win
Room in the church city's inn.

The Maiden bore within her breast
A Heav'n-sent gift to hapless earth,
The fallen world's Redeemer Blest
Came hither, seeking place of birth—
And yet, though God, he could not win
That place, in Bethlehem's crowded inn.

Alas! the selfish scene of yore
Throughout Earth's regions, cold and wide
Is year by year enacted o'er,
E'en at the gracious Christmas-tide.
The Babe Divine can find no "inn."
The worldling's careless heart within.

Earth's Savior comes no more! But he
Said once: "My poor are with ye still;
Each pleading beggar hideth Me;
I shiver, when His limbs are chill."
"Again, with Him, I fain would win
Room in each heart's capacious inn."

Behold! St. Joseph's kindly Home
Within our city riseth fair.
Give aid; that 'neath its sacred dome
Each waif may shelter freely share.
That each may find, its halls within,
Sweet Mercy's gladly opened "inn."

And when, before Him, ye shall stand,
The King will bid ye to His feast,
Saying: "Enter, with my chosen band,
For ye have served Me, in My heart.
Ye never dulled by worldly din
Their cry, who sought your pity's "inn."

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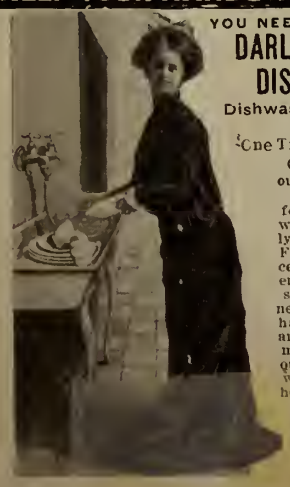
An argument advanced awhile ago by the United States Judiciary Committ in Washington, was, that "in America, our greatest source of national wealth, lies in the brains of our people, and whatever stunts their growth, physical or mental, impairs their economic value. A nation is prosperous in proportion as its inhabitants have health and the ability to mix skill with the raw materials they produce, and use their brains in their daily affairs."

Kimball
Little Mary:-"Mamma, what are the Seven Wonders of the World?"
Mamma:-"The Seven Styles of Kimball Pianos"
Little Mary:-"If there were an Eighth Wonder, what would it be?"
Mamma:-"The New Style Kimball which will be on the market next week."

KEEP YOUR HANDS WHITE



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